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EVENING.

BY GEORGE CROLY.

When eve is purpling cliff and cave,
Thoughts of the heart, how soft ye flow;
Not softer on the Western wave
The golden lines of sunset glow.

Then all, by fate or chance removed,
Like spirits crowd upon the eye;
The few we liked, the one we loved!
And the whole heart is memory.

And life is like a fading flower,
Its beauty dying as we gaze;
Yet as the shadows round us lower,
Heaven pours above a brighter blaze.

When morning sheds its gorgeous dye,
Our hope, our heart to earth is given;
But dark and lonely is the eye
That turns not, at its eve, to Heaven!

AN OPAL RING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "REMORSE OF LOVE," "MYSTERY OF A WILL," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.—(CONTINUED.)

BERTHA had been leaning against the piano, her head on her hand; she looked up, startled, as he spoke.

"Do you not believe me?" he cried, his voice full of the tenderness that filled his heart. "You may need a protector; take me for your protector—your husband! Oh, Bertha, I love you so dearly! There is no happiness for me in this world but near you!"

"You love me!" said Bertha, in astonishment, and looking at the bright, handsome face before her, as if to assure herself that she had heard aright. "Oh, I am so sorry!"

"Sorry!" exclaimed Douglas, his cheeks blanching, as a chill of disappointment crept over him. "Is it that you cannot like me a little then, Bertha?"

"Oh, yes, I like you very much indeed," admitted Bertha, hurriedly, grieved at the pain she had given, "only not in that way—not in the way you mean."

"Have I been too precipitate—premature?" asked Douglas. "Would you have given me a different answer if I had waited longer? My dear, I love you so fondly—is there no hope for me?"

Bertha shook her head sadly.

"I am so grieved," she said, tears quivering on her eyelashes. "But time would make no difference. Perhaps I ought to have known; but I never thought of this. I hoped we were friends."

"Friends!" Douglas repeated, his voice trembling with agitation. "Did you think I could be with you so much, and know you so well, and not love you with more than friendship? Give me time—let me try to win you; or perhaps I have no right to ask," he continued, turning very pale as he watched her flushed cheeks and quivering lips. "Is there some one else who ——" He did not finish his sentence; he was alarmed by a choking sob from Bertha, who buried her face in her hands, and burst into an agony of tears.

"Forgive me—oh, forgive me!" Douglas cried. "I am behaving like a selfish brute. I would give my heart's best blood to save you a moment's grief, and I am causing you only suffering." He shaded his face with his hand—tears were standing in his honest blue eyes, and he did not wish her to see how much he was pained. "I had built a beautiful little castle," he resumed, as soon as he could steady his voice, "but it has soon vanished into air." He sighed deeply, and then went on: "I will not vex you. I begin to see now that I have been mistaken."

"Indeed—indeed it is not that I do not esteem you," Bertha said, in the midst of her tears, as she held out her hand; "but——" She stopped, the burning color rushing to cheeks and brow.

"Do not say a word more," Douglas requested, pressing the hand she had given him in both of his. "I ought to have known—I have myself to blame. I do not pretend to say that I don't feel this bitterly now, for I had hoped——" He broke down again for a while, and then continued—"Pray do not make yourself unhappy about me. If you will not have me for a husband, you shall have me for a brother. Some day or other I shall come back, when I can be satisfied with the regard you can give me. Only trust me. Do not look coldly upon me—I could not bear that. I will not presume again."

"I do trust you in everything," said Bertha, struggling to recover composure. "If you could only read my heart, you would see how thoroughly I trust you. I am so grieved that I should have been so blind, so self-absorbed, I ought to have spared you this pain."

"Do not let that thought vex you," returned Douglas. "It is better that we should quite understand each other—better for me, don't you see? I have been but an idle, harum-scarum sort of a fellow—not half good enough for you, I know that—only, if you could have loved me—— Well, never mind," he broke off, dashing his hand across his eyes—"I'm a better man for my love for you. For worlds I wouldn't have missed making you acquaintance, Bertha—you will let me call you so, will you not? I shall think more highly of all humankind for your sweet sake. Heaven bless you!"

He rose as he said these words. Bertha still wept and trembled.

After one heavy, irrepressible sigh—one fervent hand-clasp—one lingering look, he went away, a hero at that moment, with a strong purpose at his heart.

CHAPTER XX

AFTER Douglas left, Bertha rushed up to her own room, and, locking the door, threw herself on her knees by the bed, burying her face. Her breast was heaving with sobs. She was grieved, heart-stricken in more ways than one. She recognised now little tokens, straws that showed which way the wind blew, which ought to have opened her eyes as to Douglas's feelings towards her. And she liked him so much—had sometimes indulged the fancy that, if fate had given her such a brother, it would have been an unspeakable joy. Now she had wounded him and driven him away—one of her best and dearest friends.

"What will he think of me," she moaned, "if he has guessed that I love one who does not care for me? And yet he is so good, so noble, so clever, how can I help loving him?"

One comfort she had. If Douglas had divined her feelings for his friend, he would not betray her; St. Lawrence would never know how she loved him, he would not despise her for having given him a regard he had never sought—she felt sure of that. As she became more calm, she began to interrogate her heart—to ask herself if she could have loved Douglas sufficiently to become his wife, if she had never known St. Lawrence; but she mentally answered "No." The lively, heedless, indolent young portrait painter could never have been the one she would have chosen for her protector and companion through life, affectionate, good tempered, and generous as she acknowledged him to be.

Her meditations led her back to the summer months gone by. St. Lawrence had surely cared for her then. Had not her heart many times thrilled under the speaking glance of his eyes, at the tender tones of his voice? Why had he changed? What had she done? What had happened during the last few weeks to dissipate the bright dream in which, almost unconsciously to herself, she had been living? If he had changed, she could do nothing to bring him back. If the brief sunlight had gone out of her life, she could only submit, and try to bear up bravely. She was herself suffering what she had made Douglas suffer. They would both get over their sorrow in time. She had often heard and read that time heals all wounds, though it was hard to believe it just then.

Bertha was too courageous, too high-spirited to yield tamely to despondency. After a while she dried her tears and bathed her face, and, going down stairs again, set herself to some work that had to be completed for her sister. After fixing and arranging and cutting out for some time, she recovered her outward composure: but, her head still aching, she laid aside patterns and scissors, and went into the garden, her usual place of resort in all troubles.

It was a lovely afternoon; there had been showers during the day which had refreshed and cooled the air. Soft white clouds flitted across the blue of the sky; the trees waved and rustled as if they were things of life, and greeted the breeze that swept through them. Bertha had before now whispered her secret grief to the roses, and taken the lilies into her confidence. They seemed to smile and beckon to her, as if they would have said, "Come amongst us, and be consoled."

Pinch, who had resumed his accustomed place, rose as his young mistress came out, and put up his paws against her, entreating notice.

"Poor old Pinch!" she said, stooping and laying her cheek against the dog's shining black head. "You liked him too. But he doesn't care for us, Pinch—he never comes now."

With a sigh she could not suppress, she turned into the sidewalk and along by the fruit trees; and here Mrs. Dalton and Lena found her when they returned. They came alone. Mr. Fancourt had an engagement, and had been obliged to leave them, they said.

Lena began to tell Bertha the result of their visit to the jeweller's. She had chosen the opal; it was not quite so fine a one as the original perhaps, but it was the best to be had, and Mr. Fancourt had given orders to have the ring made after her drawing. He had insisted upon making her another present before they left the shop, and she had chosen a set of turquoises.

"I think, after all, blue is my color," she continued. "My bridesmaids shall have white over pale blue silk, and forget-me-nots. Don't you think that would be pretty?"

"Very pretty," Bertha replied, rather absently, as they all went together into the house.

"And, oh, Bertha there is one thing I must tell you!" said Mrs. Dalton, throwing off her bonnet, as her custom was, on reaching the drawing room, Lena taking it up and carrying it off with her own things. "After we had been to the jeweller's, we drove through the Park—there is not much to be seen there now, of course, as every one is out of town; but the day was so fine, I thought I should like a walk in Kensington Gardens. So we left the brougham at the gate, and walked down to the water's side, and there whom should she see at a distance but Mr. St. Lawrence! I pointed him out to Mr. Fancourt. 'There's that clever young artist, Mr. St. Lawrence, whom you have heard us speak of,' I said. You never saw such a start as Mr. Fancourt gave. He turned pale, and pulled Lena, who was leaning on his arm, another way, quite roughly. Just at first I thought he must have trodden on a stone and hurt himself. Then I saw him turn his head and follow Mr. St. Lawrence with his eyes to see which way he was going. Mr. St. Lawrence was walking slowly, and seemed lost in thought. He did not see us. I said to Mr. Fancourt, 'Do you know him?' And then he told me that he recognised him as a man he had met some years ago, but that he was then passing under a different name. He said I had better not have anything to do with him, and that he hoped he was not in the habit of coming to our house, as he should very much object to meet him. I am sorry," Mrs. Dalton went on to say. "I certainly liked Mr. St. Lawrence. But there must be something very much against him, you see. It will be impossible for us to receive him any longer if he turns out to be so suspicious a character."

"I don't believe one word of it, mamma!" Bertha exclaimed, the hot blood mounting to her cheeks. "We have never seen anything in Mr. St. Lawrence that should lead us to think otherwise than well of him; and, after all, what do we know of Mr. Fancourt?"

"My dear!" cried Mrs. Dalton, in consternation at Bertha's daring speech.

"Of course we know who he is; I don't mean that," said Bertha. "But he has been acknowledged as Lord Alphington's grandson only a few months, and how do we know what he was before? How do we know what his life has been? It has always seemed to me that he is not at all too fond of talking about it."

"My dear Bertha, I am surprised at you," Mrs. Dalton replied, angrily, taking up a fan that lay beside her, and fanning herself to cool her indignation. "We know what Mr. Fancourt is; his past life is nothing to us. I can't think how you could be so indelicate as to allude to it. Of course, if he had not been Lord Alphington's grandson, his proposal to marry Lena would have been out of the question; but Mr. Lawrence has no established position—it is quite another thing. One would really think at times, Bertha, that you hadn't common sense. You must see, at any rate, that we cannot have any one visiting here whom Mr. Fancourt would not like to meet."

"I don't think Mr. St. Lawrence is very likely to trouble you much, mamma," Bertha returned, a little bitterly. "He has not been here for the last three weeks."

"Most likely then, as he must know that Mr. Fancourt is often here, he is afraid of meeting him—afraid of exposure. Don't you see, Bertha, it's quite plain it must be so? If you should happen to meet him, I must insist upon your being very cool in your manner to him; for my part, I shall certainly give him to understand that we do not desire any further acquaintance with him."

"Mamma, I cannot promise," said Bertha, flushing painfully. "I do not believe anything against him. Mr. Douglas knows."

"Well, my dear, you are quite right to consider Mr. Douglas," allowed the prudent mother; "and when you are in a house of your own you can invite whom you please. By the bye, my love, don't you think it would be a very nice plan if Mr. Douglas were to take this house off my hands when Lena marries?" she continued more cheerfully, laying down her fan. "I am thinking of going into apartments at the West End, where I shall be nearer Magnus Square. Mr. Douglas's income is not very large. He probably won't want to launch out at first. I should think such a house as this might just suit him."

"I don't think Mr. Douglas has any idea of taking a house at all, mamma," Bertha stammered, in some confusion. "Mr. Douglas is going away."

"Going away?" exclaimed Mrs. Dalton, growing very red in the face again. "Going away without proposing? I have never heard of anything so dishonorable, after all the attention he has paid you. I am afraid it is your own fault, Bertha; you have played your cards badly."

"I have played no cards at all, mamma," said Bertha, greatly vexed. She had no intention of revealing what had taken place that afternoon—neither Douglas's declaration to herself nor his warning against Fancourt. That she was well aware would be utterly useless until there was some basis to go upon.

"He can't go away so," decided Mrs. Dalton, after a few minutes' thought. "It's ridiculous. I shall write and ask him to dinner."

"Pray do not, mamma," Bertha entreated. "Mr. Douglas and I perfectly understand each other, if that's what you are thinking of. We shall never be more to each other than good friends."

"Well, I must say there never was a mother treated as I am," Mrs. Dalton lamented, drying out her cambric handkerchief. "Here have I been planning night and day for your comfortable settlement in life, and now you talk of being nothing but friends! It's really enough to drive one wild! I am quite sure that with a little encouragement Mr. Douglas would have spoken; and what better can you look for? It isn't likely you can make a great match like your sister. It won't do now, with our new connections, for you to be a teacher. What is to become

of you I don't know; and all might have been settled so happily!"

Mrs. Dalton melted into tears as she contemplated the failure of part of her scheme. Bertha stood pale and silent, feeling rather guilty; but she had no thought of giving way.

"Don't be anxious about my future, mamma," she said at last. "I am sorry I cannot act as you wish, but I need not be a burden upon you. Sir Stephen and Lady Langley, when we were at their house in the spring, asked me to go and live with them as their daughter. I declined then, because I thought you could not spare me; but I am sure they want me to go. Sir Stephen said he should speak to you about it this autumn."

Mrs. Dalton wiped her eyes—her brow cleared.

"I would much rather have seen you in a house of your own at once," she said, with a sigh; "but Sir Stephen and Lady Langley move in the best society; and you may have a chance with them, perhaps, if you only put away your silly, romantic notions."

Bertha made no reply—she was only too thankful to let the subject drop. In order to avoid any fresh discussion of such topics, she invited her mother's attention to what she had been doing for Lena that afternoon, and Mrs. Dalton, once more absorbed in the all important subject of the *trousseau* forgot for the time being her disappointment in Douglas and her adverse intentions towards St. Lawrence.

CHAPTER XXI.

ST. LAWRENCE sat at his easel. The "Clearing in an American Forest" had not progressed very rapidly of late, though the artist confined himself to the studio more closely than had been his habit during the summer months. Sometimes, holding the brush listlessly in his hand, he gave himself up to reverie; and then, endeavoring to rouse himself, he painted vigorously for a while; but what he did too frequently failed to please him, and he would dash out his whole morning's work with a sort of contempt for his own inefficiency.

"It's no good; I believe I am losing my power," he said to himself, after a vain attempt to bring out a piece of foreground to his mind. "I must go away. I must get out of this altogether. If anything is discovered, I shall hear of it. But I don't know that it is much to me now. What a fool I was to go on lingering near her, when I knew that Douglas loved her! Oh, Bertha, my love, my darling! No other woman in the world can ever be to me what you would have been—can I ever bear to see your sweet eyes resting lovingly upon another, to hear your dear voice calling another by the name of husband? Oh, I am a fool! I trusted in my own strength, and I am weak as water! I must never see her again; and yet what a blank the world will be to me without her!"

With a groan like sigh he threw his arm over the back of the chair on which he sat, leaning his head down upon it. His was not a nature to love lightly; nor had his love sprung up like a flower to wither down in a night. It had begun by esteem and regard, and had taken full possession of his heart before he had himself been aware. Never for a moment, however, had he dreamed of entering the lists with his friend. Douglas had confided in him, and sooner would he have allowed his heart to be torn from his bosom than have turned traitor, and have sought to win the prize for which Douglas was striving.

He had felt forlorn on first coming to London, as well as aggrieved and disheartened, and Douglas had given him his friendship, believing in him and trusting him in perfect faith. St. Lawrence was not the man to disappoint that faith. He might suffer—for with his strong feelings he had great capacity for suffering—but he would never stoop to dishonor in word or deed.

After a while he rose, and laid aside his palette and mahl stick. He determined to hire a horse, and take a long country ride—to try what rapid movement and change of scene would do to banish vain longings and regrets. He had just changed his coat, when a knock was heard at the door, and Douglas entered. The latter threw his hat on the table, and himself into an easy-chair, without speaking; he looked pale and heavy-eyed, as if he had not slept.

"Why, Douglas, man, what is the matter?" asked St. Lawrence, as he noticed his friend's subdued, saddened countenance.

"Matter!" repeated Douglas. "The matter just is that I have been making a fool of myself."

"How so, my dear fellow? What have you been doing?" inquired St. Lawrence.

"I have been a perfect idiot to think that Bertha Dalton could ever care for a fellow like me," Douglas replied. "I popped the question yesterday, and received a very gentle—Heaven bless her!—but point blank refusal. Now you know what's the matter, and I'm off to Rome, or the top of Mont Blanc, or over the dark blue waters,' or somewhere, till I can come back a sane man."

"She refused you!" cried St. Lawrence.

This termination to his friend's wooing had never even occurred to him. A thrill of joy darted through his frame. Suddenly the cloud that had overshadowed him was lifted away. Yet he felt indignant with himself for his gladness.

"Do you think she was in earnest, Douglas?" he asked, as soon as he could trust himself to speak.

"In sober earnest. She left me no room for mistake on that point," said Douglas. "It is an uncommon thing for me to be off my sleep," he resumed, after a pause, during which each was too much occupied with a tumult of thought and feeling to speak; "but last night I scarcely closed my eyes, and I think I see some things I never saw before. The idea came to me—not from anything she said, mind you—that if you had asked her the same question the answer would have been different."

"I, my dear fellow!" exclaimed St. Lawrence, the blood flushing his cheeks and brow, and his heart throbbing with an emotion that in its intensity was pain. "Are you dreaming?"

When Douglas left Bertha Dalton the previous evening he had guessed her secret, as she had feared he would; but he left with a generous resolve to bring these two he so thoroughly loved and valued together. As he said, he had not slept, for not only did he feel his own disappointment keenly, but it was with many a bitter and jealous pang that he made up his mind to stand on one side that his friend might be happy. He did make up his mind, however. He had told Bertha that, if she would not have him for a husband, she should have him for a brother; and, after all, if St. Lawrence and Bertha loved each other, he could not keep them apart, even if he had the will, and it was better to help than to hinder—better to keep a warm place in their affections if he could not hold the first where he wished. So, after tossing about through a restless and wretched night, he came to his friend before his resolution failed.

"No," he replied to St. Lawrence's question, "I am going to make a clean breast of it. I think I blinded myself when we were with Bertha together. I have seen the blushes rise to her sweet face and the light come into her eyes, and I tried to hope it was for me; but I see now I was mistaken. Well, perhaps, as you have sometimes told me, I am not intended for a married man; but, if Bertha would have had me, I would have tried to make her happy, Heaven knows." He ended with a sob, leaning his head down on his crossed arms.

"I am sure you would, dear boy," said St. Lawrence. "And I know what it must have cost you to say what you have told me just now. Do not talk of it any more, unless it does you good to speak out. I am in a desperately idle vein, and going to take a long ride; come with me—don't go and mope at home."

"I don't know; it's scarcely worth the trouble," Douglas replied, raising his head.

"Nay, come," St. Lawrence urged—"come for my sake, if you will not for your own."

"Well, as you will," Douglas rejoined, languidly rising from his seat and taking his hat. "I may as well go as stay, and stay as go, for anything I see. Hang it all, it has been a blow to me! I suppose a fellow doesn't get over this sort of thing all at once."

"No," said St. Lawrence, placing his hand on his friend's shoulder. "I think if it were my case I should never get over it. But you are naturally more buoyant, Douglas; I have more hope for you."

"Which means that I am a shallower mortal," Douglas commented, with the ghost of a smile. "And I am afraid she thinks so too."

"That is not what I intended," returned St. Lawrence; "you know it is not. Don't I know your warmth of heart? Haven't you stuck by me through good report and evil report? Haven't you believed in me when no one else did? Don't think me a callous brute, Douglas."

"I believed in you because I couldn't help it," acknowledged Douglas. "Well, if we are to go, let us be off; it is stifling here. What do you purpose?"

"To take the train to Epsom," said St. Lawrence, as they descended the stairs, "hire the horses we've had before if we can get them, and take a long stretch out through the country. We can dine somewhere while we put up the nag, and return in the evening."

"Oh, hang the dinner!" cried Douglas.

"That was not always your creed, old fellow," St. Lawrence said, smiling. "Do you remember dragging me off to dine one day after the promenade in the Botanical Gardens when I would have said 'Hang the dinner!' just as you do now?"

"Ah, that was where we met Bertha," observed Douglas. "How you were taken with Lena then!"

"Because I didn't see below the surface," St. Lawrence explained. "That fancy was soon over."

Douglas looked in his friend's face wistfully, as if he longed to question him; but, thinking better of it, he smothered a sigh, and walked on in silence. A crowded London thoroughfare was not favorable to much conversation of a confidential kind, nor was a railway carriage, and but little more passed till they arrived at Epsom, where they were fortunate to secure the horses they wanted. Turning their heads southwards, they soon found themselves pursuing the course of the Mole, through the lovely scenery amongst the Surrey Hills.

What a change from the heat and dust of London! Instead of bricks and mortar, there were wooded uplands and verdant meadows, and lanes shaded by magnificent trees yet in their full glory, and bordered by tangled hedgerows, where bunches of blackberries, scarlet hips, white convolvulus, and wild clematis were growing in sweet confusion, the river flowing placidly, dark with the reflection of overhanging foliage, waterlily leaves sleeping on its surface. Instead of the tramping of feet, the rattling of vehicles, and the many voiced hum of the world's toilers, there were the song of the birds, the tinkling sheep bell, and the lowing of cattle. All breathed of peace. Nature was a wonderful comforter, and the two equestrians, each with his own burden of care, found it lightened and more easy to be borne.

They were approaching a village, the church spire just visible above the trees, when they noticed a pretty cottage standing back in a small garden, and partly concealed from the road by a high laurel hedge. A Virginia creeper, now turning crimson, covered the front, and several fine trees formed a leafy background.

"What a charming snuggery!" St. Lawrence exclaimed. "If the worst comes, I think I shall bury myself in such a place as that, and forget the world and its evil doings."

"But not alone," said Douglas, with a pang of uncontrollable jealousy.

"Oh, I don't know; we needn't settle that now," St. Lawrence replied evasively, anxious to save his friend from pain.

As he spoke, two persons emerged from the porch of the cottage, and came down the path to the gate. One was a handsome, dark complexioned, showy-looking woman; the other, a rather undersized man with dark hair and whiskers, his appearance being that of a servant out of livery.

"Be sure to tell him he must come at once," said the lady, as the friends walked their horses past.

The man touched his hat with an affirmative answer, and then walked away towards the railway station. The lady returned up the path to the cottage.

St. Lawrence and Douglas looked at each other in astonishment.

"Can I be mistaken?" said the former.

"I was startled at first," Douglas observed; "but I think our eyes must have deceived us."

"I should be inclined to imagine so too, but that I feel certain I have seen that woman before," said St. Lawrence. "Her face seems to connect itself with some not over-pleasant recollections of my youth. But, after all, it must be a trick of fancy," he added; "the woman I allude to is probably thousands of miles away."

"There's no saying who's away or who isn't," remarked Douglas; "one is always running against people in the most extraordinary manner."

"I shouldn't be surprised," said St. Lawrence, after a pause of consideration.

"I verily believe you will hear of something to your advantage—as the newspapers say—before long. I think I am becoming prophetic," observed Douglas, with something of his former vivacity.

"Prophesy a cutlet and a glass of good ale then," said St. Lawrence, throwing off his train of serious thought, and urging his horse into a trot. "That church spire marks the neighborhood of an inn where anglers much do congregate. There we shall find good cheer."

CHAPTER XXII.

MRS. DALTON'S visit to the Larches had to be postponed *sine die*. A most gracious letter had been received from Lord Alphington, notifying the pleasure he would have in receiving Miss Dalton as one of his family. He also promised an early visit. Sir Stephen and Lady Langley had also written kindly, though the latter rather avoided congratulation, dwelling more upon good wishes. Sir Stephen took the privilege of an old friend of the family to beg Lena's acceptance of fifty pounds towards her *trousseau*—a most welcome addition.

As time passed, Fancourt pressed for a speedy termination to his time of probation; and Mrs. Dalton, mindful of a certain old proverb about the "cup and lip," placed no obstacle in the way of his wishes; she applauded only her own foresight in having commenced preparations immediately upon the engagement. There was to be a ball at the house of a friend at Highgate in the beginning of October, on the occasion of an eldest son's attaining his majority; and to this ball, for some reason she did not choose to divulge, Lena insisted upon going. With that exception, she made no objection to her mother's arrangements on her behalf.

Fancourt had been in daily attendance at Ivy Cottage, but, before his marriage, he had affairs to settle which required his attention.

"I intend going down into Surrey, and shall come up only for my wedding," said Fancourt to his confidential man John, as he sat in his dressing gown over an elaborate breakfast in Magnus Square. "I'm feeling precious seedy, and want bracing up before going abroad."

"Mrs. Lemont will be very glad to see you, sir," observed John. "I suppose, now you are on the point of marrying, you will have to make some different arrangement there, sir."

"Undoubtedly," said Fancourt, helping himself to a slice of Strasbourg pie. "I shall not go to the cottage now, but take up my quarters at 'The Angler's Rest.' You will go with me, of course—I may want you. Have my things packed so as to start to morrow. I shall drive down in the dog-cart—I may want that."

"Very good, sir," responded the ready John.

"And, by-the-bye, I shall take Juno. She is shy, and doesn't follow well at heel. See that my new Manton is put up. I dare say I shall shoot over Sir Trevor Sutton's ground while I am there."

Juno was a white and tan setter that Fancourt had received from the keeper at Alphington Park, and was apt to put her tail between her legs and slink off at the sound of her new master's voice, not finding kicks and oaths to her taste. For John, on the contrary, she had conceived a great affection.

Fancourt, when away from his fiancée, had evinced much disquietude of mind since his engagement. Evidently the gratification of his most passionate wish had not brought him the rapture it ought to have brought. Certainly, in the presence of his beautiful mistress, his uneasiness, from whatever cause it arose, disappeared; but, when away from her immediate influence, some evil spirit seemed to possess him, driving him to seek forgetfulness in excess, and the nervous depression in the morning after a night's debauch was terrible to witness. John watched his master narrowly, and drew his own conclusions.

Lord Alphington and his grandson approached no nearer as time wore on. Fancourt had spent a few days at Alphington Park when partridge shooting commenced, and during this visit the dissatisfaction the Earl had felt with regard to his new found relative had become positive aversion. At the expiration of a week he had plainly intimated to the young man that the less they saw of each other the more likely they were to avoid an open breach.

Fancourt was not one to take pleasure in the society of a man like his grandfather. He had no sympathy with his refined tastes or his benevolent schemes; nor had rural pursuits or the society of the neighboring country families any attraction. He pronounced all an insufferable bore, and did not hesitate to declare openly that when he became Earl of Alphington he would employ an agent, who would keep the tenants up to the mark, and he himself would visit the Park only for a few weeks during the shooting season, when he could have "a lot of fellows down, and be independent of "a set of prosy old fogies" like Sir Stephen Langley and the rest of the neighbors. This being the case, it did not seem that banishment from Alphington Park and the Earl's presence would have power to disturb his rest. Gambling being one of the few vices to which he was not addicted, debts and duns could have no place amongst his troubles. The cause of restless nights and haunted days had to be sought elsewhere.

It was a fine autumnal day, and the Honorable Mr. Fancourt was on his way down to one of the prettiest nooks in all Surrey. He did not seem exhilarated by the ride, but drove rapidly, as if his only object was to get over the ground as speedily as possible. Nor did he exchange a word with John, whose attention was mainly devoted to the task of reconciling Juno to her mode of locomotion, Juno giving sundry hints of a preference for her own four feet.

Arrived at "The Angler's Rest," and having engaged the best rooms the inn afforded, Fancourt ordered dinner, and then strolled down to the cottage, leaving John behind.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE MARRIED.—Married people might be happier if home trials were never told to neighbors. If they kissed and made up after every quarrel. If household expenses were proportioned to receipts. If they tried to be as agreeable as in courtship days. If each would try to be a support and comfort to the other. If each remembered the other was a human being, not an angel. If women were as kind to their husbands as they were to their lovers. If fuel and provisions were laid in during the high tide of summer work. If both parties remembered that they married for worse as well as for better. If men were as thoughtful for their wives as they were for their sweethearts. If there were fewer silks and velvet street costumes and more plain, tidy home dresses.

Emile Girardin, the great French journalist, used to rise about four o'clock every morning. And now he is dead. It is a sad, sad lesson; but let us not forget its warning. Let us lay our hands solemnly on our respective hearts and say that rather than imitate his fault, if it is necessary for us to be up at 4 A. M., we will set up to it. To rise at it—and this too, too; it is too utterly too.

Important Notice!

☞As many of our subscribers have not yet taken advantage of our New Premium Offers, and yet evince a desire to do so, we have decided to EXTEND THE TIME TO JULY 1st.

Our New Premiums.

THE DIAMANTE BRILLIANTS positively cost more money than any premium ever offered by anybody. We guarantee them to be set in SOLID GOLD, and if not precisely as represented in every particular, return them, and we will refund the amount of your remittance promptly. Diamante Brilliants are mounted, set, wear and look like genuine diamonds worth $100 or more. The best judges fail to detect the imitation; they are produced chemically; they are imported for us, and mounted to our order; they are worn in the best society, and they are the only perfect substitute for real diamonds ever produced.

More Recipients Heard From.

Ada, Ohio, May 25, 1881.

Gentlemen:—The ring was received and gives perfect satisfaction. In fact it seems to be a perfect gem. Will report to neighbors. R. M. L.

Plainfield, N. J., May 21, 1881.

Editors Saturday Evening Post:—I received your premium ring and am very much pleased with it. It is certainly very beautiful, and all you represent it to be. Your paper is admirable, and indeed very interesting. E. F. M.

Egypt, Texas, May 20, 1881.

Editors Post.—Premium ring received. It is fine. I think the ring well worth the money the ring and Post both cost. J. G. M.

East Gibson, Wis., May 17, 1881.

Editors Saturday Evening Post:—I received the Diamante Brilliante finger ring. It is an exquisite little gem. I assure you it gives entire satisfaction, and is very much admired by all who have seen it. Please accept many thanks for such a beautiful present. I like your paper much. It is a very agreeable weekly visitor. I will recommend it to my friends. M. L. K.

Springfield, Ill., May 19, 1881.

Editors Saturday Evening Post:—I received premium promptly. I think when I try to get subscribers I will have no trouble when I show the ring. MRS. H. G.

Newberry, Ind., May 19, 1881.

Editors Saturday Evening Post:—Your Diamante Brilliante premium earrings came duly to hand and I am very highly pleased with them. They are perfect little beauties. They sparkle like dew drops. I consider them a splendid gift. I intend taking your excellent paper as long as I can. MRS. K. L. P.

Los Angeles, Cal., May 19, 1881.

Editor Post:—The premium ring and earrings were received some days since. They surpass my expectations. MRS. A. G. R.

Martinsville, Va., May 19, 1881.

Editors of Saturday Evening Post:—I received the premium to-night and am well pleased with it. J. D. G.

Cleveland, Ohio, May 17, 1881.

Editors Saturday Evening Post:—Received the premium this week. It is satisfactory in all respects. J. M. F.

San Francisco, Cal., May 16, 1881.

Editors Post:—I received the earrings. They are very handsome. MRS. J. T. L.

Water Valley, Miss., May 19, 1881.

Editors Post:—My premium earrings came duly to hand, for which please accept many thanks. I think them perfectly exquisite. Long live your excellent paper. MISS M. F. C.

Cape May Court House, N. C., May 17, 1881.

Editors Saturday Evening Post:—Twenty years ago I was a constant reader of your paper, but I let my subscription run out. Since, I have tried a great many, but like your paper the best. I think my premium ring is splendid. MRS. H. G. S.

Hudson, N. Y., May 16, 1881.

Editors Post.—I am very much pleased with the premium, and will do what I can for your interesting paper. E. H. R.

Alexandria, Va., May 12, 1881.

Editors Saturday Evening Post:—The Post comes just as regular as Sunday, and the premium is just the handsomest that I ever saw. My twin brother Harry wore my premium ring to an evening entertainment a few nights since and had half the guests present believing it to be a first-water stone, price $50. What do you think of that? It must be good to pass for a diamond among persons many of whom were wearing the genuine article. H. A. F.

Sentinel, Pa., May 20, 1881.

Editors Saturday Evening Post:—I have received your splendid premium earrings and was ever so pleased, and think them as good as recommended. E. D.

Pepperell, May 20, 1881.

Editor Post:—The premium earrings were received, and like them very much. Think they are worth double the price of the paper. Wish that I could do more for you than what I have. C. H. L.

New York, N. Y., May 26, 1881.

Gentlemen:—I received your ring and stud and they give perfect satisfaction, and am well pleased with them. F. L. T.

Robbins, S. C., May 20, 1881.

Editors Post:—My premium and papers received. Am very much pleased with them. I think the premium alone worth the money. W. H. J.

Sandy Level, Va., May 20, 1881.

Editors Saturday Evening Post:—The Diamante ring came duly to hand. I think it well worth the money. I like the Post very much. J. A. M.

Forestburg, Texas, May 22, 1881.

Editors Post:—I received the earrings yesterday, for which accept my thanks. I am very well pleased with them and the Post also. M. M. H.

Lincoln, Neb., May 19, 1881.

Editors Saturday Evening Post:—I have received the ring, and am well pleased with it, and think there is no better paper than the Post. H. P. L.

Williamsport, Pa., May 17, 1881.

Editors Post:—I received the premium ring and am well pleased with it. It is all that is represented. I would not be without the paper. F. W. Erwell.

With such indorsements, such a paper, such premiums, at such a low price, we hope to receive a renewal from every subscriber on our books.

Address, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

726 Sansom Street, Phila'a.

FIRST LOVE.

IN the grave-yard of every memory almost, there is a time-worn stone that marks the resting-place of first love. In some, the more impressive monuments of later times quite hide it; in others, the weeds grown of worldly pursuits cover it, but it is there for all, save when the soul, tired of the present, perhaps forgotten, idles away an hour or two o'er the poetry of the past.

Those who have made a study of humanity, place first love among the afflictions to which flesh is naturally prone. A boy or girl may as well hope to escape it as bid defiance to the mumps or measles. Doubtless it performs some peculiar physiological or mental benefit that our limited wisdom may not be able to perceive. However this may be, its eruption among the young of both sexes is as well authenticated as its medically recognised kindred.

The physician's art proceeds by making inferences from particular symptoms. Following out this method the predisposing and immediate causes of first love make themselves quite plain. Still, unlike the majority of diseases, the same influences may prevail with like effect under totally different circumstances.

Perhaps the worst place for this ailment—and where, indeed, it often becomes epidemic—is at school. A particularly nice girl has been known to operate contagiously upon a whole room full of boys: If she is a new scholar the probability is that the type will be worse. Ordinarily the cases have no more dangerous results than a fierce emulation among the youths, to present her with the biggest apple, or get nearest to her on the forms. But it has been known to display itself in sundry pitched battles outside among various competitors, with the usual accompaniments of battered noses and hair more or less mussed.

It may be said to take on a spasmodic phase when the parties begin to walk home together. This change is followed by a desperate longing to be older, and the remotest speculations on the marriage ceremony. Possibly, too, the household is rendered uncomfortable by the youth or maiden showing a preternatural anxiety to "dress up," and invidious remarks about parental limitations in the way of new clothes. An heroic remedy at this stage is said to be a liberal application of strap in woodshed, on selected parts of the person, without regard to too much heaviness of motion in the arm.

Though this period is dangerous, it is frequently passed through by those of hardy constitutions without infection. As in all cases, however, this exemption only renders subsequent attacks more violent and difficult to contend with. Still, if the symptoms are different, the character of the contagion is none the less clear.

It generally becomes noticeable after the victims have been to a party, festival, or Sunday-school pic-nic. Primarily, it shows itself in silence, a loss of appetite, and a disposition to be alone. These signs are aggravated always if there is any lack of hope, or what is worse, disappointment, in the case. The clothes trait above-mentioned is particularly prominent, while there is a terrible eruption of neckties, sashes, care of the hair, and blacked boots. It is almost a hopeless indication if the youth is caught trying on his daddy's plug hat, or the girl surreptitiously wears her elder sister's long dresses. Nothing but a special treatment is at such times commendable. The woodshed strap remedy is hardly applicable, inasmuch as it always makes the patient desire to be a pirate or something desperate for the old man's special benefit.

The earlier marks of the ice cream and moonlight stage of the disease also now often present themselves. While not necessarily fatal, it seldom passes without lasting effects. Men who lived and died, hating their kind, have traced the origin of this awful trait to first love, moonlight walks, and the ice-cream saloon.

Fully developed, the young man suffering from this form of the disease is a marked individual in all societies, and is known wherever he goes. At no time is the disease more peculiar in its workings. One symptom always noticeable is the insane belief that no boot or shoe ever made is small enough for him. In leather vises five sizes too small he limps along until something puts him out of his misery. In a modified form, the case is the same with the lady, the difference being that she never gets over the mistake.

Scientists—occupied with less important matters—have never explained the singular relations subsisting between the moon, pocket-books, ice-cream, and first love. Physics teach us that the lunar influence is the cause of tides, but its connection with the prevailing low-tide of pocket-books in the ice-cream season is not so apparent. But that it has an important secondary bearing on first-love and its primary symptoms is not to be denied. First love and ice-cream are confessedly not the origin of the moon, but that the moon is not at least a proximate cause of first love and ice cream will admit of some argument.

Beyond this stage the disease becomes so complicated that it is no longer capable of diagnosis. Frequently a clergyman can alone prescribe for the sufferers. Oftener, however, Fate, the arbiter of many things in Love's as in the material world, divide them. Time, ever behind him, wedges the years in between, until Memory alone, looking around, notes with a sigh—from the heart it may be—where first love lies buried in the past. P. HENRY DOYLE.

TIT FOR TAT.

BY HATTIE A. FIELD.

AMONG the earliest settlers in the wilds of Salmon river, was a Vermontese, by the name of Dobson—a large, resolute athletic man.

Returning one evening from a fruitless hunt after his vagrant cows, which, according to custom in the new countries had been turned into the woods to procure their own subsistence from the rank herbage of the early summer, emerging from the forest on the clearing of his neighbor, he saw a large bear descending from a lofty sycamore, where he had been in quest, probably, of honey.

A bear ascends a tree much more expertly than he descends it, being obliged to come down stern foremost.

My friend Dobson did not very well like to be joined in his evening walk by such a companion; and, without reflecting what he should do with the "varmint" afterwards, he ran up the to tree on the opposite side from the animal's body, and, just before he reached the ground, seized him firmly by both his fore paws.

Bruin growled and gnashed his tusks; but he soon ascertained that his paws were in the grasp of paws equally iron-strung with his own.

But Dobson's predicament, as he was endowed with rather the most reason, was worse yet.

He could no more assail the bear than the bear could assail him.

Nor could he venture to let go of him, since the presumption was, that Bruin would not make him a very gracious return for thus unceremoniously taking him by the hand.

Still, as Joe Sleeper's house was not far distant, he hoped to be able to call him to his assistance.

But his lungs, though none of the weakest, were unequal to the task; and although he hallooed and shouted all night, he did not succeed in bringing Sleeper to his aid.

As daylight returned, and the smoke from Mr. Sleeper's chimney began to curl up gracefully, though rather dimly in the distance, Dobson again repeated his cries for succor; and his heart was soon gladdened by the appearance of his worthy but inactive neighbor, bearing an axe upon his shoulder.

"Why don't you make haste, Mr. Sleeper, and not be longing along at that rate, when you see a fellow Christian in such a kettle as this?"

"Is that you, Mr. Dobson, up a tree there? And was it you I heard hallooing last night? I guess you ought to have your lodging for nothing if you've stood up agin the tree all night."

"It's no joke, though, I can tell you, Joe Sleeper; and if you'd had hold of the paws of the black varmint, it strikes me you'd think you'd paid dear enough for it. But if you heard me calling for help in the night, why didn't you come and see what was the trouble?"

"Oh, I was going tired to bed, after laying up log-fence all day, and I thought I'd wait till morning, and come out bright and early. But if I'd known it was you——"

"Known 'twas me!" replied Dobson bitterly, "you knew 'twas somebody who had flesh and blood too good for these plaguey black varmints though!"

"Well, don't be in a huff, Tommy. It's never too late to do good. So, hold tight now, and don't let the tarnal critter get loose, while I split his head open."

"No, no," said Dobson. "After holding the beast here all night I think I ought to have the satisfaction of killing him. So, you take hold of his paws here, and I will take the axe and let a streak of daylight into his skull the quickest."

The proposition being a fair one, Mr. Joe Sleeper was too reasonable a man to object. He was no coward neither; and he therefore stepped up to the tree, and cautiously taking the bear with both his hands, relieved honest Dobson from his predicament.

The hands of the latter, though sadly stiffened by the tenacity with which they had been clenched for so many hours, were soon brandishing the axe.

But, to the surprise of Sleeper, he did not strike; and, to his farther consternation, Dobson swung the axe upon his shoulder, and marched away, whistling as he went, with as much apparent unconcern as the other had shown when coming to his relief.

It was now Sleeper's turn to make the forest ring with his cries. In vain he raved and called, and threatened.

Dobson walked on and disappeared, leaving his friend as sad a prospect for his breakfast as he himself had had for his supper.

To relieve the suspense of the reader, it is right to add, that Dobson returned and killed the bear in the course of the afternoon.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S NAME.—If all the Queen's titles were swept from the throne, Victoria would be simply Mrs. Wettin.

OLD ROME.—Ancient Rome was divided into fourteen quarters. It had seventeen prisons, eleven basilicas or courts of justice, one hundred and thirty-three temples dedicated to the gods, nine circuses, and three amphitheatres.

FRANKLIN'S PRAYER.—The following was the morning prayer of the old philosopher: "O powerful Goodness, bountiful Father, merciful Guide! Increase in me that wisdom which discovers my truest interest, strengthen resolution to perform what that wisdom dictates, accept my kind offices to thy other creatures as the only return in my power for thy continued favors to me."

AN ARAB EXPEDIENT.—We passed some Arabs who were sitting naked on the ground, with their habiliments spread out beside them. "What does this mean?" I inquired. I was told that their garments were purposely spread upon ants' hillocks, and that the ants, after devouring all the vermin which they find on the clothes, retire from them well satisfied into their nests.

THE BIBLE.—The Bible, before revision, contains 3 586 489 letters, 773 692 words 31 173 verses, 1 189 chapters and 66 books. The word Lord occurred 1 855 times, the word and 46 277. The middle verse is Psalm cxviii, 8. All the letters of the alphabet, except the letter j, are found in Ezra vii, 21. The longest verse was Esther viii, 9, and the shortest St John xi, 35.

THE OLDEST TIMBER.—The ancient temples of Egypt are supposed to contain the oldest timber in the world, in the shape of dowel pins, which are incorporated with stone work, known to be not less than 4 000 years old. These dowel pins are supposed to have been made from the tamarisk or shittim wood, in ancient times a sacred tree in Egypt, and now occasionally found in the valley of the Nile.

GRAPES AS MEDICINE.—At certain towns in Switzerland grapes are grown solely as medicine, and the vineyards are put to no other use. Instead of drinking water, as at other places, the patient is sent out to pick grapes, and must pick them himself from the vines. Where the doctor ordinarily instructs the patient to drink so many glasses of water he is here instructed to eat just so many bunches of grapes, and no more.

SPECULATION.—In the year 1710 the speculation mania was as rife in England as here now. One advertisement in a weekly newspaper of the time, burlesques the prevailing madness in the following strain: "It is proposed to form a company, and books will be opened for a subscriptions of two millions, for a new invention of melting down sawdust and chips, and casting them into deal boards without cracks and knots."

HUMMING BIRD'S NEST.—The nest is built on a little twig, and scarcely the size of half an English walnut. Both nest and twig are covered with little patches of lichen until it is almost impossible to tell one from the other, and the nest looks like a kind of natural excrescence on the twig. The nest is pliable, like a tiny cup of velvet, and the inside is lined with a white substance, as rich and soft as white silk. The little birds are about the size of bumble bees.

SPEED OF WINGS.—The speed at which some wings are driven is enormous. It is occasionally so great as to cause the pinions to emit a drumming sound. To this source the buzz of of the fly, the drone of the bee, and the boom of the beetle are to be referred. When a grouse partridge, or pheasant suddenly springs into the air, the sound produced by the whirring of its wings greatly resembles that produced by the contact of steel with the rapidly revolving stone of the knife grinder.

BLACK VS. WHITE.—A child, overcome with terror, dropped her basket of yams, in a village of Africa, and could not be prevailed upon to return for it whilst a white man was near, even by the offer of a big copper. A negro villager, with deeply carved and chopped face, but of intelligent countenance and well clothed, observed that the small child did not yet know that the white man was its friend, and the friend of its mother, father, and brothers; but that it would learn, as he had himself done, to thank and love the white man, "although the white man was so ugly to look upon."

BOTTLED TEARS.—In Persia they bottle up their tears as of old. This is done in the following manner: As the mourners are sitting around and weeping, the master of ceremonies presents each one with a piece of cotton wool with which he wipes off his tears. This cotton is afterwards squeezed into a bottle, and the tears are preserved as a powerful and efficacious remedy after every other means has failed. It is also employed as a charm against evil influences. This custom is, probably alluded in Psalm lvi., verse 8: "Put thou my tears into a bottle." The practice was once universal, as is found by the tear bottles which are found in almost every ancient tomb, for the ancients buried them with their dead as a proof of their affection.

BY SIGHT.

BY L. D. H.

What nameless thrill of what unknown joy
So held him there in speechless whirl—
The worldly man, like an awkward boy,
Before the quiet, untutored girl?
It was not to be found in her limpid eyes,
In the flush of the seashell-tinted cheek,
In laughing dimple, or mild surprise
At his tongues strange loss when it sought to speak.

Yet it held him there, and it closer clung
When he went his way; and by night it grew;
It heaped his heart with a song unsung,
It brimmed his soul with a mystic dew;
And at last, when again to her presence sweet,
It waved him like a fairy hand,
He was still at loss till unto her feet
It swept him down with its liaped command.

Then Love-at-Sight into Love-for-Aye
Swift bloomed and blazed, like a star that first
Unfolds in heaven its deathless ray
After ages of time in the void immersed;
While his heart, as a wave upon ocean's shore,
Breaks at her feet, ere she turns and flees,
And murmurs its need, with a troubled roar,
Of the love that brought it from far mid-seas.

A light shines out through the sweet girl face
Till then unseen, and while resting on
The breast that but as her resting-place
Hath cared to live, she reflects the dawn
Of a love as strange as his own—a Love-
At-Sight that into the Love-for-Aye
Comes, grows and lasts. From what clime above,
Whence, how, or whither, no man can say.

Over For Ever.

BY MAUD MURRAY.

SHE stood by the garden fence, a beautiful, golden haired child, shyly peeping through the pickets to see Horace Linden, a rosy-checked boy of sixteen, ride by on his pony.

Eunice was as fair and as sweet as the morning, and looked as if she, too might have sprung up into life and loveliness with the flowers.

The boy thought he had never seen any one so beautiful, and never quite forgot how goldenly-bright the sun tangled itself in her hair that day under the vines.

In a little time the squire's son was sent away to school, preparatory to a college course; and thus it happend that Horace was nearly twenty three, and Eunice seventeen, when they met again—met to love.

"And you are to love me for ever and ever, Eunice. Not for a day, nor a year, but always," he said, looking down in her blushing face, as if he very well knew what her answer would be.

"For ever and ever, Horace."

"And when may I speak to Mr Howard, when may I ask him for my pearl of pearls?"

"Not now—not this ever so long yet. We are very young, and—and you might not always love me as well as you do now."

Men have proven false before to day, both false and forgetful, and we shall see how true proves my knight when his fidelity is put the test.

"Indeed you will; and to show you how much in earnest I am, I am going to ask your father's consent to our engagement this very evening."

"No, no!" she hastily interposed. "It will be a long time before I can go with you, let Fortune smile as kindly as she may, and until your home is ready to receive me, I—I'd rather not have any one know about our being engaged."

"And do you think it right for us to keep your parents in ignorance of our wishes."

"Have I not said that you might change your mind, and I never be your wife? And if that were to be the case, I'd not like everybody to regard me in the light of a forsaken lassie, as they would be sure to do if they were ever to know how much, how very much, I cared for you," she playfully answered.

The frosts of autumn shrivelled the leaves of the sycamore, and standing under the wide-spreading branches, in the fading sunlight of a lovely September sunset, the good bye was said which parted the lovers for many and many a weary day.

The following morning Horace departed for the city, and enthusiastically plunged into his law studies, with an ardent determination to win a goodly place in fame's temple, and when fairly started on the way to success, he would go home and marry Eunice Howard.

But fame did not come so speedily as Horace Linden had anticipated.

Three—five years passed by, and during the time he had manfully labored, struggled and at last succeeded; but his long persistent and toil-some battle with the world had deadened the tender passion of his youth, and sadly faded from his mind the memory of Eunice.

He loved her still; but who can fathom the inconsistencies of the human heart?

He loved the girl whose affections he had won in his younger days, but he married a wealthy city belle—a tall dark imperious beauty, as unlike Eunice as day is unlike night.

Nelly Fairfax, Eunice's dearest friend, happened in one afternoon, and blurted out a wonderful piece of news.

"If you will believe it, Eunice, Horace Linden is married."

"What!"

Her face grew a shade whiter, but otherwise she was perfectly calm.

"Yes, actually married. I just heard it from Sarah Linden herself. The bride is Miss Elaine Nelson, a great flirt by the way and with any amount of dash and style."

"Or, dark, of course—one of those brilliant, bewitching, bewildering brunettes the men are always raving about. My glove to nothing that he repents his choice before he has been twelve months a Benedict."

And without further comment, Nelly dropped the subject, not deeming it of any more importance to Eunice than it was to herself, and shortly thereafter took her leave.

Eunice sat alone in the gathering twilight vaguelly wondering why the world had suddenly grown so dark when a letter was handed to her.

She opened it with a kind of dumb aching at her heart, for too well she knew its import, and the nature of the pitiful plea which it forboded.

"Forgive me, Eunice. You prophesied aright. I am married; and, Heaven help me repenting already!"

She sighed, and slowly folded the nameless and dateless note.

The following summer Mrs. Horace Linden visited Forestdale, the handsome country residence of her father-in-law.

Business detained her husband in the city—he could not possibly accompany her, he said.

Eunice smiled sadly when she heard of it, and mentally added—

"He dare not come."

One day, a week after the return home, Elaine remarked to her husband—

"I have seen painted angels, but I never saw a real living one until I met Eunice Howard."

"Eunice Howard! I—whom do you mean? surely not the daughter of old Mr. Howard who used to live near Forestdale!"

"Yes, I do; and when I die I want just such a face as hers to bend above me. I should fancy myself sure of heaven if she were near, and would not be half so much afraid of that awful something which they say awaits us on the other side of time.

"Elaine, I did not think you were capable of expressing so much fine feeling," he said, with a good deal of surprise. "I used to know her. She was quite a child when I went to college."

"And when you returned——"

"I was no longer a boy."

"And Eunice was no longer a child."

"Quite true; but I daresay she has forgotten me long ago, and I——Really I must be going. I had not thought it so late, and I promised to meet a gentleman at the Windsor at eleven."

Mr. Linden abruptly ended the conversation, took his hat, and Elaine saw him no more that evening.

* * * * *

Three years went by, each in its turn more wearisome than the last.

Neither was happy, neither cared for the society of the other.

Then came the final act in the sad drama of their ill-assorted lives—a few hastily uttered words, bitter, angry and defiant, the flight in a moment of blind passion, of a proud, heart-broken wife, and after that—silence.

One evening, a year later, a telegram, sent by some unknown hand, reached Mr. Linden.

It contained merely the four simple, yet awfully solemn words—

"Elaine Linden is dead!"

"Free—free once more!" he cried; "and now may I not hope for a happier and better life?"

Again it was spring time; again the lilacs, purple and white, were blooming in the old homestead garden, and standing beneath their fragrant shade was Eunice, golden-haired and sweetly beautiful as in the days of her childhood.

A horseman rode up, vaulted over the fence, and imploringly extended his hand to her.

"Notwithstanding the wrong I once did you, Eunice I am come back to you, an humble suppliant for your forgiveness and your love."

"Ask Heaven's forgiveness, not mine," she replied. "Elaine——"

"Elaine is dead. She left me, and I——"

"Ah, left you and came to me," Eunice calmly interposed "It was here, just where you are standing now, that she sobbed out the pitiful story—

"I am Horace Linden's unhappy, homeless wife, and I pray you, Eunice Howard, to give me shelter and teach me how to die, for I have no wish to live—no hope, no care, for anytaing. I told him once—the husband who never loved me—that when I came to die I wanted 'your face to be the last my eyes might rest upon.'"

"And you?"

"She died in my arms, passed away as peacefully as a child falling asleep. We buried her up there, on the daisied hillside, where the fir-trees keep their silent watch, and with your wife not yet seven days in her grave, how dare you talk love to me, Mr. Linden? She was your wife. You were untrue to me, false to yourself, and unjust to her. No, no, Mr. Linden, I have quite lived beyond my first girlish faith in man's love, and man's promises. Good bye, Horace. Your path and mine in this world lie far apart, and 'tis better for us both that we should never meet again."

She turned away, and the dream was over for ever.

Knife and Ransom

BY M. VESTAL.

SOME years since, in one of the far Western states, an Indian chief resided, whose daughter was a girl of uncommon beauty; and this beauty was but the external manifestation of a pure and noble spirit. As a matter of course, she had many admirers among the young braves of her nation.

Her nature was above the arts of a coquette; and loving one among them all—and only one—she hesitated not to let her preference be known, not only to the Young Eagle, who had won her heart, but also to those she had rejected.

Among her rejected suitors one alone so took it to heart as to desire revenge. He, the Prowling Wolf, was filled with rage, and took little pains to conceal his enmity, although he manifested no desire for open violence.

Both these young men were brave, both skilled in the use of weapons, which, far away in the buffalo plains, had sometimes been used in battle; but while Young Eagle was noble, generous in spirit, and swayed by such high impulses as a young savage may feel, the Wolf was reserved, dark, and sullen; and his naturally lowering brow seemed, after the maiden had refused him, to settle into an habitual scowl.

The friends of the Young Eagle feared for his safety. He, however, was too happy in the smiles of his chosen bride to trouble himself concerning the enmity of another, especially when he knew himself to be his equal both in strength and skill.

The happy couple were in the habit of meeting at the top of a mound—Young Eagle armed with a revolver received from a white man.

One summer evening, just as the sun was setting, Young Eagle sought the top of the mound for the purpose of meeting his future bride, for their marriage was agreed upon, and the appointed day was near at hand.

One side of the mound was naked rock, which for thirty feet or more, was almost perpendicular.

Just on the edge of this precipice was a foot path, and by it a large sandsone rock, forming a convenient seat for those wishing to survey the valley, while a few low bushes are scattered over a part of the crest of the mound.

On this rock Young Eagle sat down to await the maiden's coming. In a few moments the bushes rustled near him; and rising, as he thought, to meet her, a tomahawk flashed past his head, and the next moment he was struggling in the grasp of a strong man, and forced to the brink of a yawning precipice.

The eyes of the two met, and each knew that the struggle was for life.

Pinioned as his arms were by the other's grasp, the Eagle frustrated the first effort of his foe, and then a desperate wrestle—a death-wrestle—followed, in which each was thoroughly saddened.

The grasp of the Wolf was broken, and each at that instant grasping his adversary by the throat with his left hand, sought his weapon with his right—the one his knife, the other his revolver.

In the struggle the handle of the knife of Wolf had turned in the girdle, and missing it at the first grasp, ere he could recover himself the revolver was at his breast, and a bullet through his heart.

One flash of hatred from the closing eye, and the arm of the dying warrior relaxed. As the body sank, the Eagle hurled it over the precipice, and, in his wrath, fired bullet after bullet into the corpse as it rolled heavily down; and this not satisfying his wrath, he ran round and down the side of the mound, and tore off the scalp of his foe.

There had been no witness of this combat, for the young girl did not arrive till its termination, when her lover was scalping his victim. His life was, therefore, in imminent danger from the justice of his tribe, and he knew that his only chance was to stand upon his defence.

This chance arose from the customs of the Indians, that if the murderer escaped the blow of the avenger of blood—the nearest relative of the victim—the family were at liberty to accept a ransom for the life of their kinsman.

The Young Eagle at once took his resolution, sustained by the advice of his friends. Completely armed, he took possession of the mound, which was so shaped that while he himself was concealed, no one could approach him by day without being exposed to his fire—and he had two devoted and skilful allies, which, together with his position, rendered him far more than a match for his single adversary, the avenger of blood—the brother of the Wolf.

These allies were his bride and a large sagacious hound, which had long been his hunting companion, and had guarded him many a night when camping on the prairies.

The girl had in her veins the blood of Indian heroes, and she quailed not. She demanded with lofty enthusiasm to be made his wife, and then, acquainted with every stratagem of savage war, and every faculty sharpened by affection, and her husband's danger, she watched and warned, and shielded him with every art that the roused spirit could suggest.

The brother of the Wolf prowled about the fortress night and day. To the daytime to ascend the mound far enough for action, would be to place himself within range of the young warrior's rifle; and at night he could not even put his foot upon its base without the baying of the hound giving his master warning.

He at length hit upon a stratagem, and by careful observation of his young wife, who was frequently going and coming, that she might supply her husband with food, succeeded in imitating her dress, walk and manner so completely that he hoped to deceive both dog and man.

His scheme was skilfully executed. The dog wagged his tail, and his master spoke to the avenger as his wife when there was only a few feet between them; but suddenly the gallant hound, discovering his mistake, sprang at the throat of his enemy, and bore him to the ground.

The Young Eagle now deprived him of his weapons, and pinioned his arms; but the next moment, from an impulse of generosity, he set him free, and sent him home, armed as usual.

This was the turning point of the savage drama. The shedder of blood surrendered himself to the justice of the tribe to offer a ransom, or, if that was rejected, to lay down his life without resistance.

At the day appointed the parties met in an open space, with hundreds gathered to witness the scene.

The Eagle, all unarmed, was first seated on the ground, then by his side was laid down a large knife with which he was to be slain if the ransom was not accepted.

By his side sat his wife, her hand clasped in his, while the eyes even of old men were dim with tears.

Over against them, and so near that the fatal knife could be easily seized, stood the family of the slain Wolf, the father at the head, by whom the question of life or death was to be settled. He seemed sad, rather than revengeful.

A red blanket was produced and spread upon the ground. It signified that blood had been shed which was not yet washed away.

Next, a blanket of blue was spread over the red one. It expressed a hope that the blood might be washed out in heaven, and remembered no more; and last a blanket purely white was spread over, all significant of a desire that nowhere on earth or in heaven a stain of blood should remain, and that everywhere and by all, it should be forgiven and forgotten.

These blankets, thus spread out, were to receive the ransom.

The friends of Eagle brought goods of various kinds, and piled them high before the father of the slain.

He considered them a moment, and then turned his eyes to the knife.

The wife of the Eagle threw her arm around her husband's neck, and turned her eyes imploringly full on the old man's face, without a word.

He had stretched his hand towards the knife, when he met that look. He paused—his fingers moved convulsively, but they did not grasp the handle. His lips quivered, and a tear stole down his cheek.

"Father," said the brother, "he spared my life."

The old man turned away.

"I accept the ransom," he said; "the blood of my son is washed away. I see no stain on the hand of the Eagle, and he shall be in the place of my son."

KEEPING THE HEAD CLEAN.—Keeping the head perfectly clean is a great aid to health. A distinguished physician, who has spent much of his time at quarantine, said that a person whose head was thoroughly washed every day rarely took contagious diseases, but where the hair was allowed to become dirty and matted, it was hardly possible to escape infection. Many persons find speedy relief for nervous headache by washing the head thoroughly in weak soda water. We have known cases almost wholly cured in ten minutes by this simple remedy. A friend finds it the greatest relief in cases of "rose cold," the cold symptoms entirely leaving the eyes and nose after one thorough washing of the hair. The head should be thoroughly dried afterward, and avoid draughts of air for a little while.

A senior, as he gave a last rip to his new glove before going to the ball, remarked, "I've sacrificed another kid to Venus."

ROSE AND LILY.

BY MRS. HEATHER.

In the garden of Eden, fair Nature's first bower,
The source of the world, where our sorrows began,
Grew a rose of full beauty, the queen of each flower
That opened its breast to be kiss'd by the sun.

The harebell, carnation, and violet blue,
Did bow to its sceptre—acknowledge its reign;
And all, save the lily, were constant and true,
But she held the rose in contempt and disdain.

She would not obey it, nor humble her pride,
To pay homage to one of a parent so mean—
The child of a thorn! and she could not, beside,
See a shadow of reason in calling her queen.

Our first mother, Eve, chanced to hear the dispute,
As among them she strayed in the heat of the day;
The rose then requested that she would confute
The pride of the lily, and make her obey.

But the lily, demurring, preferred a soft plea,
That she'd settle the feud, and the question decide;
And faithfully promised contented to be
In aught that her wisdom should make her abide.

Said Eve, "All are free, and I do not see how
I can give unto either the title you seek;
But thus—that the lily be queen of my brow,
And the rose reign in triumph as queen of my cheek."

THE LOST WIFE.

BY J. F. SMITH.

CHAPTER LV.—(CONTINUED)

WITH all his selfishness and vanity, he was wise in his generation.

The following day they left Paris for London, and, on their arrival, instead of proceeding to an hotel, drove at once to Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Fortunately Mr Quarl was in his office.

The old man listened with intense delight to the extraordinary story of his nephew. The rights of his favorite Lucy, he foresaw, would be established beyond the shadow of a doubt, and what was, if possible, still dearer to his heart, Tom made beapy.

One point embarrassed the young lawyer—Mr. Beacham had not been arrested; he had still kept the warrant in his possession. Once in the hands of justice he knew that Colonel Mortimer's power to square him would be at an end.

In this emergency he consul'ed his uncle.

"I would fain save him," he observed, "for Frank's sake, yet cannot blind myself to the danger of leaving him at liberty. He has a nervous dread of shame, public exposure, and the titular Countess of Rislip will spare no inducements to remove him."

Mr Quarl gave a good humored chuckle; he felt delighted that his clever nephew felt obliged to have recourse to his experience.

"And you really do not know how to manage it?"

"No."

"I do:"

"My dear uncle——"

"There, that will do," said the old gentleman. "Send one of the clerks for bill stamps, sufficient for, let me see—yes, one hundred thousand pounds."

They were soon procured, and bills to the amount drawn up and placed before Mr. Beacham.

"And what am I to do with these?" demanded the latter.

"Accept them."

"They are ante dated."

"No matter for that; to morrow," said Mr. Quarl, "you will be arrested upon them, and removed to the sponging house of Sloman and Levy, where you can be supplied with every luxury, provided of course that you are able and willing to pay for them. You will be quite safe there—most good society. I am aware you have a weakness for it."

"And do you imagine that I am fool enough to accept such enormous obligations?"

"I think it very likely," replied the lawyer dryly.

"Consent to be shut up in a sponging-house?"

"You have your choice."

"Then I refuse."

"Quite a matter of taste," said Mr. Quarl; "and since you prefer Newgate——"

"Stay—stay. I consent."

"I thought so."

The bills were duly accepted, and the next morning Mr. James Beacham as duly arrested upon them. By a private understanding with the owner of the sponging-house, an officer was employed with no other duty than to watch the prisoner. Any attempt to liberate him by bail or otherwise was at once to be communicated to Mr. Quarl, who when the affair was duly settled, observed that it was a great weight off his mind.

"You need not give me any credit for the contrivance," he whispered, as they drove with Colonel Mortimer to Minerva Lodge, where they found Frank and his wife.

Tom Briarly wished to spare poor Frank the shame of listening to the disclosure of father's baseness, so he took him by the arm and led him into the garden, whilst Colonel Mortimer made himself known to his long-lost child.

The young lawyer knew not how to break the intelligence to his friend, and yet he felt the necessity of doing so at once.

"You have been to Paris," observed the latter.

"Yes."

"Did you hear or see anything of my father?"

"I did, and what is more singular he accompanied me back to London, Frank." continued the young man. "We have been friends from boyhood, and the most perfect confidence has ever existed between us. Can you bear a great surprise—at once a sorrow and joy?"

"You know me, Tom."

"I do—your heart, your courage. Listen to me—the legality of Lucy's marriage with the late Earl of Rislip will be fully established."

"Thank Heaven! but how—how. The law is most explicit; a marriage with a deceased wife's sister is null and void."

"They were not sisters."

"Not sisters," repeated Frank; "in mercy do not tell me that Lucy is not my sister. Selfish that I am saying!"

"What is very natural in your place." replied his friend; "what I should feel myself. Now comes the sorrow. Bear it like a man. Lady Rislip," continued the young lawyer drawing the arm of his friend closer within his, "is the daughter of the gentleman you saw in the carriage with us—Colonel Mortimer—who was induced by family reasons to confide her to your father's care."

"Is that the worst!"

"Well, no. I am sorry to say not quite. Mr. Beacham is, as you are aware, fond of money, and is rather addicted to habits of self indulgence. He gave out that his ward was dead, and appropriated—used, perhaps, would have been a better word, her little fortune as his own."

"Dishonord!' murmured Frank, overwhelmed with grief and shame; "dishonored!'

"Not a whit," exclaimed Tom Briarly hastily, "not a whit. No man can be dishonored unless by his own actions."

"How shall I meet her gaze!'

"With love and confidence, as she meets yours," answered the young lawyer. "Although the tie of blood no longer unites you, the stronger ones of affection are still unbroken. As for Colonel Mortimer, he is the noblest old fellow I ever met. I have told him everything. He is prepared to meet you as a son."

Despite this assurance, which he could only in part believe, it was with mingled emotions of shame and confidence that Frank suffered himself to be led to the house where he found the happy sister of his love shedding tears of delicious joy upon his father's breast. No sooner did she behold him, his pale countenance and his mournful looks, than her heart whispered her what to do. Disengaging herself from her father's embrace, she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him, sobbing at the same time:

"Dear, dear, Frank, still my brother!'

Madame Pishert began wiping her spectacles; something had dimmed them, we suppose. Of course that strong-minded lady would have repelled the notion that it could have been a tear.

"Am I not right, dear father?"

'Quite right, my child," answered Colonel Mortimer, extending his hand to the son of the man who had so cruelly wronged him. "The man who has protected my Ellen, watched over her with a brother's love and care, cannot be less dear than a son to me."

"An admirable sentiment," whispered Mr. Quarl to his nephew. "What do you think of it, eh?"

Tom Briarly blushed with pleasure.

"This is really most distressing." observed Madame Pishert.

"What is distressing?" demanded the old lawyer.

"I thought to have a girl for my heiress, and now I find it must be a man," replied the eccentric lady. "Kiss me, Frank; blood as the old proverb says, is thicker than water."

Such were the terms in which the mistress of Minerva Lodge announced her intentions in favor of Frank Beacham.

From a feeling of delicacy, the conduct of his father was not alluded to in his presence. Every one seemed anxious to show how completely they held him a stranger to the crime of his parent, and in this instance the sin of the father was not visited upon the head of the son.

Colonel Mortimer felt delightful with his grand son, proud perhaps, would have been a more fitting word. The boy soon overcame the timidity natural with a stranger, and returned kiss for kiss, caress for caress.

"And are you really my own grand papa?"

"Really."

"Then I have two."

No one replied to him.

"I must have two," repeated the child, "for I am certain you are not the one mamma used to cry about so and teach me to pray for?"

"And will you not pray for me?" demanded the old soldier.

"Not as I did for the other," replied the boy. "He must have been wicked, and I don't think you are."

"And why should you think him wicked?"

"Because mamma used to teach me, to ask God to give him a new heart."

"The best of us," said Colonel Mortimer, "may offer up that prayer.',

And the subject was permitted to drop.

A few days saw Colonel Mortimer, his daughter, and grandson, settled in a stately mansion in St. James' square, whither Madame Pishert accompanied them. Since the discovery of the legality of the marriage she invariably addressed Ellen as "Lady Rislip," and her son as "my Lord."

Frank and his wife remained at Minerva Lodge.

CHAPTER LVI

GREAT was the excitement in the fashionable world at the revival of the almost-forgotten scandal of the Rislip marriage by the presentation of a petition by the Earl of Belhaven, a near relative of Colonel Mortimer, in the House of Lords. The papers teemed with paragraphs headed: "Most singular disclosure—romantic incidents," and the stereotyped backneyed phrase of "Truth being stranger than fiction."

Counter paragraphs, as a matter of course made their appearance, some headed: "Infamous conspiracy.' "Dark plottings." "Attempt to obtain a title." Of these the countess and her advisers did not condescend to take the slightest notice. Confident in the justice of their cause, they could afford to despise them.

Mr Quarl and his nephew worked day and night to prepare the evidence. The old lawyer remarked that, in all probability, it was the last one he should ever undertake, and he was determined to carry it through triumphantly.

Legal proceedings, as our readers are aware, require length of time and frequent consultations; the last fell to the share of Tom Briarly, who was a daily visitor in St. James'-square, where he displayed so much zeal that the colonel began to feel attached to him.

But no word did the young lawyer venture to breathe of his love; everything he well knew depended upon the success of the cause; if that should be decided against her, he felt assured that Ellen would never again become a wife.

One only circumstance disquieted him. The proceedings of the woman who had so long usurped the tide; he found her agents everywhere. The defence he foresaw would be a desperate one, protracted perhaps beyond the lives of both claimants.

"I almost regret," he observed on one occasion when consulting with his uncle upon the subject, "the lenity shown to Mr. Beacham, and yet I could not advise the colonel to act otherwise. My friendship for poor Frank compelled me."

"Men rarely find cause to repent following the dictates of their heart," replied the old lawyer. "Set your mind in rest. I will answer for the safety of your witness."

"We have artful as well as unprincipled spirits to deal with."

"Well I suppose we have."

"You may be deceived."

"Where your happiness is concerned, Tom? No no. It is simple impossible. You do not show half the precaution I have taken, how minute have been my instructions. Deceived! pooh! impossible. I could almost forgive them if they succeeded in outwitting me."

Tom's apprehensions were not without cause, for no sooner did the unprincipled Eleanor become aware of her danger, than she despatched a clever agent to Paris to seek out Mr. Beacham, with instructions. Not finding him, she caused inquiries to be made, traced him step by step till she lodged him in the sponging house.

"Have you seen him!" she inquired of her lawyer, the head of well known firm of Diver and Son, an astute, but not reckless man; although he might occasionally stretch a point to serve a client.

"I have, my lady.,'

"And found the money to discharge his debts."

'Impossible!"

Eleanor drew herself up haughtily.

'Quite impossible, my lady."

"I thought I gave you full power!"

"Are you aware of the amount?"

"No matter for the sum."

"One hundred thousand pounds."

"Impossible!"

"Sloman showed me the detainers himself."

"There is a mystery in this I cannot understand. Mr. Beacham, a *parvenu*, a poor country gentlemen, scarcely a gentlemen, can never be indebted in so vast a sum. The idea is preposterous, absurd! Who would have trusted him!"

"Those," said the lawyer, "most probably, who have an interest in detaining him! He was not very communicative, but I learnt quite sufficient to convince me that he is anything but a willing witness in the case."

"So I should think."

"It must overwhelm him with infamy."

"Money, I tell you," replied Eleanor contemptuously, "is all he cares for. I must see the man—question him myself."

"Would it not be compromising?" observed Mr. Diver.

"I must risk it. Will there be any difficulty?"

"Not the slightest," answered the lawyer "He is a prisoner merely for debt. Had it been a criminal charge it would have been different. Shall I accompany your ladyship?"

"No, our interview must be private."

Mr. Diver was too much of a man of the world to press his offer any further. He was quite clearsighted enough to perceive that he did not possess the entire confidence of his client.

The following day a lady plainly dressed and closely veiled presented herself at the sponging house of Mr. Sloman.

"See Mr. Beacham! Certainly, ma'am. Quite the gentlemen. Here, Benjamin," he said calling a boy from the inner office take this note at once; no stoppage on the way. It is important."

With a knowing grin the boy disappeared.

"Ours is a busy place, ma'am."

"A wretched place," replied his visitor with a shudder.

"Well ma'am, perhaps it is for a lady and yet I have known real born ones—none of your mock-turtle nobility—make themselves at home in it. I see you are impatient; sorry to keep you a waitin', but the messenger will soon be here. Mr. Beacham is in the coffee-room, but of course we can't show a lady visiter there."

It was a near quarter of an hour—and oh how interminable did the time appear to the haughty lady!—before the man made his appearance.

"No. 16," said Mr. Sloman.

The messenger nodded, and led the way to a dark-panelled room where the prisoner was seated. There appeared a peculiar expression about his lips as he recognised his visitor.

"Lady Rislip!" he said.

"Yes, Lady Rislip, whom the woman I believe to be your daughter is endeavouring to strip of name and fame. You have played me false."

"By Heaven, I have not"

"What is the meaning of this arrest for a sum so monstrous that it would take a fortune to release you?" You cannot persuade me that you really owe the sum of one hundred thousand pounds."

"Legally, perhaps not."

"I thought so. Name the amount that you require."

"I question if even the amount I am detained for would set me free. I have fallen into pitiless hands; and Colonel Mortimer is not the man to show mercy till the honor of his daughter has been fully vindicated."

"I think I understands you," said Eleanor. "You are in his power!"

"Completely."

"And she is really not your child?"

"Really, as I told and proved to you at the time you agreed to pay an annuity for my silence. I will deal candidly with you, there is but one hope—escape; but that would require a large sum."

"Name it."

"Five thousand pounds at least," replied Mr. Beacham.

"And for that you can ensure success!'

"I think I can. On one point you may rely, Lady Rislip, that I will use endeavor. I am tired of the monotony of existence in this place—the vulgar associations, the privations—and pine for liberty. Once free, I will place a world between myself and my enemies. To be frank with you," he added, "I shall not be sorry to repay them mortification for mortification, scorn for the scorn they have treated me with."

"That is human nature," observed his visitor with a cynical smile. "I find we have both studied character from the same volume."

"The living one!"

"Yes; it has little to teach me."

A door, so contrived that it appeared to form part of the panelling of the room, opened and, to the terror of the speakers, Mr Quarl, accompanied by two gentlemen, made their appearance. One of the two was instantly recognised by the lady, who had met him in society, as a member of the House of Peers—a man of most unblemished honor.

Lord Altorf had served with Colonel Mortimer in India.

"You are mistaken, Mr Beacham." observed the lawyer blandly. "The book you speak of has always to teach us. There is no end to rascality written in its pages, I know you are a ripe scholar, still it might been struck you that the advisers of Lady Rislip did not place perfect confidence in your promises of atonement and repentance."

'Lady Rislip!" repeated Eleanor; "that title, sir, is mine!"

"For the present," said Mr. Quarl "perhaps yes."

"Legally mine."

"I am glad you said legally, not morally.'

The lady bit her lips.

"Instead of anger your ladyship really owes me a debt of gratitude for saving you the useless expenditure of five thousand pounds, in addition to the large sums you have already paid this person. It would have been sheer waste," added Mr. Quarl. "Mr. Beacham cannot escape."

The prisoner scowled angrily.

"Tell your visitor," said the lawyer, "there is no hope. Inform her that were the doors of the respectable Mr. Sloman's establishment wide upon, every guardian saloon, that over the threshold you would discern a sign, a terrible one to warn you back."

"Ridiculous!" muttered the lady.

"It is true, is it not, Beacham?"

The party addressed made no reply, but his pale countenance and the contraction of the muscles round the mouth sufficiently indicated that he understood the threats so covertly conveyed in the speech of Mr. Quarl.

"I think, Lady Rialip," said Lord Altorf, "you will best consult your dignity by retiring from the place. The interview for any purpose useful to your case has terminated."

"As all such attempts should terminate," added Mr. Quarl "in a defeat."

"Allow me to conduct you to your carriage," said the peer.

"Ah, my lord!" said the guilty Eleanor, who was perfectly aware how powerful a weapon the discovery of her interview had placed in the hands of her opponents, so strong already. "I see by your manner that you blame me."

His lordship bowed.

"I have my rights to maintain."

"They will be safer in the honor and justice of the Peers than in the hands of any pettifoging adviser. You have been badly advised."

"I trust you will forget the conversation you overheard. It might, improperly construed prove prejudicial to my cause."

Lord Altorf made no reply.

"Promise me, my lord. Remember I am a mother."

"Let the cause be decided which way it will, Lady Rialip, you are sure of the sympathy of the world. Do not forfeit its respect."

Placing her in her carriage, which had been waiting at the end of the street, the speaker bowed and took his leave.

Eleanor Charlton felt that the game was lost.

It was not till the following session that the Peers came to a decision on the most important case perhaps that had ever arisen touching their privileges. The advisers of the second wife who had so long borne the title used every effort, battled nobly in her cause, but the validity of the late earl's marriage with the daughter of Colonel Mortimer was at last decided never more to be questioned.

If deep humiliation could have atoned for crime, Mr. Beacham would have passed from the trial forgiven. In his examination before the House he had to relate not only his only villainy but recollect every corroborative circumstance to prove it. Every time he hesitated the sharp voice of the Lord Chancellor recalled him to the sense of danger.

As far as his personal safety was concerned the colonel kept faith with him. The decision once given, he was permitted to leave England, and one hundred a year allowed him for existence, no more, it having been discovered that his wife's property became the inheritance of her son upon her death.

The notorious Dr. Slop, who was one of the trustees to the settlement, had agreed to suppress it—for a consideration, of course.

As Mr. Quarl said, it was the last case he ever undertook, his nephew and himself both agreeing that they were rich enough to retire from the profession.

"And what do you intend to do, young men?" inquired Colonel Mortimer, as the three sat taking their wine together. "Go into Parliament?"

"Perhaps."

"He talks of travelling," observed Mr. Quarl. The colonel gave a dissatisfied shrug.

"Speak," said the lawyer. "It is time."

"Colonel Mortimer," said Tom Briarly, "my future life depends upon your daughter. You will be surprised, perhaps, to hear that I have loved her for years."

"Not in the least."

"That she rejected me."

"Once. You will find her in the drawing room. Ellen has no secrets from her father."

Tom left the room, and more than an hour elapsed before the gentlemen joined them, when they did so, they found him seated with the hand of his fair client in his.

"Thank God!" murmured Mr. Quarl; "my boy will be happy, as he deserves to be."

"If my love can make him so," whispered Ellen, blushing deeply.

[THE END.]

"These potatoes ain't more'n half done."—Socrates.

His Left Eye.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD

A RICH old man who resided at Ispahwa had three daughters, the youngest of whom, named Kookja, was as much distinguished for her beauty as for her extraordinary wisdom.

One morning, as he was about to drive his cattle for sale to the Khan's market place, he asked them what presents he should bring them on his return.

The two eldest wished trinkets, but the handsome and wise Kookja said she did not desire a present, but that she had a request to make which it would be difficult and even dangerous for him to execute.

Her father, who loved her exceedingly, promised to do whatever she wished, though it were at the price of his life.

"If that is the case," replied Kookja, "I beg you will sell all your cattle except the brown ox and ask no other price for that than the Khan's left eye."

The old man was startled, but, confiding in his daughter's wisdom, resolved to do as she wished. He accordingly went to market, and did exactly as she had directed.

When his singular demand came to be heard by the courtiers, they bound him, and carried him before the Khan, as a madman.

The old man threw himself at the prince's feet, and confessed his demand had been made at the request of his daughter, of whose motive he was perfectly ignorant.

The Khan, suspected that some secret must be concealed under this extraordinary request, dismissed the old man, on condition that he would return with the daughter who had directed him to make it.

In a short time Kookja appeared, escorted by her father. The Khan demanded her motive for so singular a request.

"I expected, my prince, after so strange a demand, curiosity would prompt you to send for me, and I wished to tell you a truth important to yourself and people."

"Name it."

"When two persons appear before you in a cause, the wealthy and noble generally stand on your right hand, the poor and humble on your left. I have heard you favor the noble and rich. This is the reason I persuaded my father to ask your left eye, it being of no use to you, since you never see the poor and unprotected."

The Khan was a good deal incensed at the presumption of Kookja; but by the advice of once of his councillors, he resolved to try whether her strange proceedings were the effort of malice or of wisdom.

He accordingly called for a log of wood cut evenly on every side, and disired Kookja to discover the top of the root.

She threw it into the water, and soon found the answer, by means of the root sinking, while the top rose to the surface.

After this she was shown two snakes, and challenged to determine the male from the female.

The wise Kookja laid them on cotton; one immediately coiled itself in the form of a ring, the other crept away. She concluded from this circumstances (and she concluded rightly) that the later was a male, the former a female.

The Khan, being still dissatisfied, asked her if a number of persons were sent into a wood to gather apples, which of them would have the most.

"The one," replied Kookja, "who, instead of climbing the trees, remains below, to pick up those which are sure to fall on the shaking of the branches."

The Khan than led her to a pen, and asked her which would be the readiest way to get to the opposite side.

Kookja said to cross it would be the farthest, to go round the nearest.

The Khan, vexed at the readiness and propriety of her answers, reflected for some time, and then resumed the colloquy, by putting rapidly a series of question, to all of which she gave prompt answers.

Which was the surest means of becoming known to many?

"By assisting many who are unknown."

Which is the most certain method of obtaining happiness?

"By diffusing happiness, as far as lies in our power, to all around; beginning every morning with a prayer, and ending every evening with a good action."

Who is truly wise?

"He who does not believe himself to be so."

What are the requisities of a good wife.

"She should be gentle as a lamb, prudent as a mouse, industrious as an aunt, just as a faithful mirror, and pure as the scale of a fish. She must mourn for her deceased husband as a dove, and live in a widowhood as a bird deprived of its wings."

The Khan was astonished at the wisdom of the fair Kookja; yet being enraged at her reproaching him with injustice, he still sought to destroy her.

After a few days he thought he had found the means of attaining his object.

He sent for her, and desired she would determine the true value of his treasure; after which, he promised to absolve her from the offense of questioning his justice, and admit that she intended; as a wise woman, merely to admonish him.

Kookja consented to do what was required, on condition that the Khan would promise implicit obedience to her command for three days, which was that he should not taste food for that time.

On the last day she placed a dish of meat before him, and said, "Confess, O Khan, that all thy treasures are not worth as much as this joint of meat."

The Khan was so striken with the truth of his remark, and the proofs he had had of her superior wisdom, that he married her to his son, and permitted her constantly to remind him to *use his left eye*.

Kitty's Father.

BY J. P. CAMPBELL.

IT was near the close of a balmy day in June.

I was seated on the back piazza with Charlie, our youngest pet, playing at my feet, when, looking down across the meadows, I saw a blue gingham sun-bonnet bobbing up and down in the long grass.

As it emerged from the field into the path that led through the garden to the house, I saw that the wearer of it was a mere child, though dressed in so odd a way as to look like a little woman.

Dropping a little curtsey which brought the hem of her dress down the floor, she said in a small piping voice.

"Please, mem, I'm Kitty Taverse. It's rained so much this week that mam couldn't git all my things dried; she'll send Bob with the rest of 'em Saturday."

I gazed at the speaker in astonishment and dismay.

Fred had spoken about getting me a little girl to take care of Charlie and run erranda, but what could he be thinking of to send a mere baby like this?

"How do you do, Kitty?" I said, kindly. "I'm afraid you are too small to suit my purpose. Take off your bonnet and let me see how you look?"

Kitty obeyed, revealing a face quite as odd-looking as the rest of her.

"What can you do?"

"Heaps," was the confident reply. "I can wash dishes, sweep, scour knives, run erranda, and take care of a baby."

"How old are you?"

"Leven."

"You are very small for your age?"

"Yes'm; I don't get any time to grow."

"You can stay to-night at all events." I said. "I will talk with the doctor when he comes home, and see what he says."

Ten minutes later, Kitty was seated on the steps of the piazza munching a thick slice of bread and butter with evident satisfaction, her bright eyes glancing about in every direction.

"Have you a mother?"

"Sort o' and sort o' not. She aint my own ma; my own ma is dead."

"Is your father dead, too?"

"No mem; he's skipped."

When Fred come home I expressed my doubts in regard to the new investment he had made for my benefit, declaring that it was likely to give me the care of two babies instead of one. He however convinced me of her usefulness, so Kitty became domiciled with Fred and me.

Take it all in all, she was quite a character, and amused and interested me a good deal.

I never saw one with more real goodness and kindness of heart.

About the middle of Summer, Fred and I made arrangements to spend a couple of days at my brother's who lived in an adjoining town.

We had intended to take Kitty with us; but the carriage was crowded, and she begged so hard to be left at home that we finally decided to do so.

She was thoughtful and trustworthy that I had no fear in leaving her.

On account of the scarlet fever being in my brother's family, which neither of the children had, we stopped over night at an acquaintance's, returning the next day.

When we reached home we found the doors locked and the windows darkened, and not a sign of life anywhere around.

Considerably surprised at this, it being near the middle of the day, we rang and knocked until pretty well convinced that there was no one within to hear us.

Then we went down towards the gate, being met by Mr. Wilson, our nearest neighbor, who had seen us go by, and who told us that Kitty had left the key of the house with his wife last night saying that she had to go away.

I thought this was a little strange, but supposed the child had got lonely and gone to her stepmother's, who lived about two miles distant.

On entering the house we found every available point barricaded below, as if in expectation of a siege.

Against the back door a heavy bureau was drawn, on which chairs were piled.

Our next discovery was not so pleasant every bit of silver vanished, not even a spoon was left.

The discovery that followed was more startling still.

On going outside Fred saw the figure of a man suspended from the sill of one of the back windows.

Communicating his discovery to Mr. Wilson who was sitting on the front porch, the two men went up stairs, and I followed slowly with beating heart.

As I looked into the room I saw the head of a man just inside of the window, the heavy sash of which was resting on his neck.

He was not only quite dead, but there was every indication that life had been extinct for several hours.

But as it was clearly apparent that he was killed in the act of entering, the disappearance of the silver remained a mystery.

Fred lost no time in notifying the authorities, and the news spreading like wild-fire for several hours the house was thronged by an excited crowd.

By no one was the body recognised.

As they mentioned this, I recalled to mind a tramp that Kitty had fed one day, and whose form and dress strongly resembled the deceased.

But the people had gone at last, to my great relief.

As I stood at the window watching the last one go down the steps, I felt a touch upon my arm.

On turning I saw Kitty standing just back of me, and looking in the dim twilight more like a ghost than a living child.

"Where is he, the man that was killed?" she said.

Fred pointed in the door of the room where the body lay.

Without saying another word, Kitty opened it and went in.

After a moment's hesitation, Fred and I followed.

With blanched cheeks and eyes dilated with horror, Kitty stood there as silent and motionless as the ghastly thing stretched out before her.

Fred placed his hand on her shoulder, saying with a sternness that he regretted a moment later.

"Do you know this man, Kitty?"

Kitty lifted her eyes appealingly to mine.

"It's my father," she gasped, sliding forward to the floor.

With a feeling of self-compunction that was clearly visible in his honest face, Fred took up the little limp form as if it had been a feather, and laid it upon the bed in our own room.

Kitty had been quite ill for a number of days, during which the ghastly thing she had called father had been buried out of sight for her sake as decently as circumstances would admit.

She made allusion to him, and Fred would not let me question her until she was strong enough to leave her bed.

Before that time the missing silver was found in an old chest in the attic where she had hid it.

From what Kitty told me afterwards I found that her father had told her he meant to rob the house, urging her to aid him by leaving the back door unlocked, and threatening to kill her if she refused.

"I gave him my dinner and supper for a good many days," she said in conclusion, "but I couldn't do what he wanted or tell on him either. He was a bad man, but he was my father."

As I thought of this little creature stealing out into the darkness with the food that she had saved from her own needs I was glad to know that this bad man was powerless to work her any further ill.

Kitty lived with Fred and me a number of years after this, and we became almost as much attached to her as to our own children.

When she married John Harper, a thriving young carpenter, we furnished the pretty cottage house he built as completely as if it had been for one of our own daughters.

Harper makes one of the best of husbands and I don't believe that there's a better house keeper or a happier little wife to day than our Kitty.

TRAVELLING IN OLD TIMES.—A careful inspection of the vehicles of former times leads us to the conclusion that our forefathers were lined with zinc and copper-fastened—for nothing short of it could have withstood the joltings and jarrings, the bouncing and bumpings entailed upon those who used any other method of locomotion except that which nature provides. The chariot in which General and Mrs. Washington went to Philadelphia upon his election to the presidency was no doubt an instrument of torture.

The charity was the acknowledged mark of aristocracy. A journey in these days demanded a retinue, somewhat after the following order: 1. Master and missis in a carriage. 2. Master's "boy" on horseback, when he wished to stretch his legs. 3. A wagon containing two hair trunks and missis's maid. The rate of progression was about four miles an hour.

Chaises were the only two seated vehicles in use, and were something like a modern buggy, except that they had but two wheels. Consequently going up hill, the occupants were being spilt out behind, and going down hill they were spilled out before.

THE PHOTOGRAPH.

BY BROS.

"Oh, that was my first love," he said. Did he sigh
As he glanced at her face in the book?
Did his thoughts wander back to the old-times gone by?
Did Memory bring back her look?
When he whispered, "I love you," beneath the oak tree,—
As the sunlight in chequer'd rays fell,
Love's answer he read in her blushes, and she
By a breath fear'd to shatter the spell.

I look'd at his wife—she was loving and good;
Was she happy? She never was fair.
Does she know of his love for the woman who stood
'Neath the tree, with the light in her hair?
He may talk of the love of his youth as a jest,
It has thrown a shade over his life:
An oak-leaf, an acorn, the sun in the west,
Recalls his first love,—not his wife.

A Guess for Life.

BY ALFRENO

WHEN my regiment was disbanded after the late war, I bade adieu to my old comrades and to the army, and commenced business in a flourishing western town.

As I was starting for the supper-table, on the evening of the third day after my arrival, the door bell rang violently, and soon the boy came in and said that a man wanted to see the doctor. The visitor was standing by the fire when I entered. He was a tall, powerful man—a perfect giant compared to my "five feet six," and his great and bushy black hair and whiskers were well fitted to the monstrous form.

"If you are at liberty, doctor," said he, "please come with me. It is but a few steps, and you will not need a carriage."

I put on my coat and hat and followed him. It was my first call there, and I fondly hoped it was the forerunner of many more.

The man strode on ahead of me all the time, notwithstanding my endeavors to keep at his side, and spoke not a word, not even answering my questions.

Stopping before a substantial-looking residence in one of the principal streets, he applied the latch key, and led me into a pleasant little room on the second floor.

"Take a seat, doctor," said the man; "I will step out a moment. Take this chair by the fire; it's a bitter cold night."

The chair was a great unwieldy thing, but exceedingly comfortable. I threw my feet upon the fender, and leaned back on the cushion, well satisfied to warm myself a little before seeing the patient.

I heard the man approach the door which was directly back of where I sat, and heard the door open and close again. I supposed he had gone out, but did not look around to see. Indeed I had no time, for a stout cord was thrown over my wrists and across my breast, and a handkerchief bound over my mouth so quickly that I could not prevent it.

When I was perfectly secure, my conductor stepped in front of me and looked with some interest at my vain attempts to free myself.

"Good stout cord, isn't it?" he asked. "It has never been broken, and many a stouter man than yourself has tried it. There now, be quiet a while, and I will tell you what I want."

He went to a cabinet that stood in the corner of the room, and taking a long knife from one of the drawers, ran his thumb over the edge, and felt the point, all the while talking in the most commonplace manner imaginable.

"I have for years studied the art of guessing," said he. "I can guess anything; that is my guessing chair that you are sitting in now; and I take great pleasure in imparting my knowledge to others. This is what I want of you to-night. I did intend to make you guess that; but I've thought of something better."

He had become satisfied with the edge of the point of the knife, and was pacing up down the room, giving me a full history of the world, interspersed with facts relative to the art of guessing, at which times he always stopped in front of me.

"Did you ever study it, doctor?" he asked. "I know you haven't. I am the only one who ever reduced it to a science. Since I left my noble veterans I have devoted my whole time to it; and now I am about to initiate you into its mysteries, if you are worthy. I must test you; I must see whether you are naturally gifted or not, before I waste much time with you. If I remove the handkerchief, will you answer my questions?"

I nodded an affirmative, and he removed it.

"Now, my dear doctor, you are an entire stranger to me. Without a doubt you have often heard of me, but it will be a hard task to distinguish my name from all other great men of the time. You may guess it doctor. What is it?"

He had brought his face so near to mine that I could feel his hot breath, and I fancied that I could feel the heat in those terrible eyes. The long, keen blade he was holding over me—for what? To take my life if I failed.

"Guess! Guess!" he screamed. "If you fail, it will be your last guess in this world."

I dared not cry out—the knife was too near. I could not escape, for the strong cords bound me to that chair could not lift; and must I lie there, and lose my life. What could I do?"

"It is a hard guess," he said, "and I will give you three minutes to answer it."

I summoned all my courage, which had never yet failed me, even in the awful hour of battle, and, looking him steadily in the eye, said,— "I know you sir; so where is the use of guessing? I have seen you on the battle field, marshalling your men to victory; I have seen you cut down a score of men with your own single arm. I have seen you put to flight a whole battalion. I know you,—everybody knows you; your name is in my mouth."

I remembered what he had said about leading his veterans, and had tried this harangue to divert his attention. I paused to mark the effect.

"Yes—yes, doctor. But what is it?" he exclaimed again. "Thirty seconds!"

Great Heavens! What would I not have given for a clue to that madman's fancy? Thirty seconds, and how short a second is! The knife was raised higher, that it might gain momentum by the distance. His body was braced for the stroke, and his eye upon the mark.

"Ten seconds more!" he cried. "What is it?"

There was only one hope for me, and that was to guess. I felt that he considered himself some great man—as he had spoken of veterans—some great military chieftain. I thought of our own heroes, and the names of many of them were upon my lips, but I dared not utter them. It was the greatest chance game that I had ever played—my life depended on the guessing of a name. I thought of all the European generals, but cast them aside again, and came back to our own side of the water.

"Two seconds!" screeched the lunatic.

Without a thought, almost without a volition, I spoke a name, breathing a prayer that it might be the right one; "Napoleon Bonaparte!"

"Right!" said the madman, throwing aside his knife, and undoing the cords that held me. "I was mistaken in you, doctor. You have true genius; this is your first lesson; come at this hour every evening, and I will teach you the beautiful art—the way to immortal fame."

As I arose from the chair, weak and trembling, the door opened softly, and four strong men entered and secured the maniac. I started for home, well pleased that I had got through with my first guessing lesson, and fervently hoping that I should never be called upon to take another.

IS IT THE SOUL'—Some interesting scientific experiments demonstrating the truth of the disputed phenomena of clairvoyance have recently been made in New York by one of its most prominent physicians. The "sensitive" was a lady, the wife of a lecturer on mesmerism. A first experiment failed, but on a second trial the lady, whose eyes were covered with cotton and closely bandaged, was able to name cards drawn at random from a pack and held by the doctor upon her forehead. She also read a title page of a volume which the doctor took from his pocket. Other experiments with coarse print were equally successful, but she was unable to read fine print. The scientist calls the faculty trance-voyance, and thinks that it may be developed to such a degree that the person gifted with it can read entire pages of ordinary print held against the forehead. The lady, describing her sensations when in the trance-voyant state, says that an electric light seemed to be thrown forward from the back of the brain upon the object held upon her forehead, illuminating it and enabling her to see it distinctly. Such experiments are heavy blows at the theory of the materialists who claim that all mental action is a physical phenomenon depending upon the organs of sensation. What power is it, will they tell us, that reads coarse print when the eyes are practically blinded?

When Ben. Franklin was an editor he was in the habit of writing to the young ladies who sent in poetry, saying in honeyed language that owing to the crowded state of his columns, etc., but he would endeavor to circulate their productions in manuscript. And then he tied their poems to the tail of his kite for "bobs."

THE Frank Siddalls Soap advertised in our columns, is being used in the house of the publisher of this paper, and is really what is claimed A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY. Our readers can depend upon every statement, and should put aside all prejudice and not let another week go by without giving it a trial.

DREAMS.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, in the "Antiquary," in commenting upon the difference between dreams and hallucinations, remarks that in both instances the horses draw the chariot without guidance, but in dreams the driver is asleep, while in hallucinations he is insane.

Abercrombie, a noted writer on the Intellect relates that a friend of his, who held the post of cashier of one of the principal banking houses in Glasgow, was requested in the discharge of his duties to pay a check of six pound sterling. Several persons were waiting to receive payments in their turn, but the holder of the six pound check was importunate, and withal stuttered so insupportably, that one of the clerks besought the cashier to pay the man out of his turn in order to get rid of him. The cashier assented and did so, without entering the payment upon his books. The circumstance was forgotten, and at the conclusion of one year an error of six pounds appeared upon the books, which defied the most careful scrutiny to discover. After passing several days and nights he retired to bed one night overcome with fatigue, and had scarcely fallen asleep when his stuttering friend appeared to him, and in his dream re enacted all the scene which had occurred at the counter of the banking-house some months before. Upon examining the books on the following day he discovered the omission, which weeks of labor had not enabled him to reach.

But dreams are not always equally reliable. Voltaire, when composing Henricade, a poem devoted to the glory of one of the French King Henrys dreamed the whole plan of the first canto, but entirely different from what it was written, from whence he concludes that as in his dream he said things which he would not say when awake, that he thought and reflected involuntarily. "I possessed," he says, "no freedom of will, and yet I combined ideas with shrewdness, and even with genius."

Another case occurred which is like that of Voltaire. A man of sound judgment, dreamed that, as he was passing a lottery office, he was attracted by a crowd standing around the door and drew near to ascertain the cause. Upon a near approach he discovered that they were eagerly gazing upon a large placard held in the air by an attendant of the office, upon which was written in large figures prizes of a recent lottery. The three first drawn numbers, which entitled the holder to the highest prize, he distinctly read, and, with an exclamation of surprise, drew from his own pocket a ticket containing the identical numbers placed first upon the placard.

While those around him were offering their congratulations at his success, he awoke, with the numbers so indelibly impressed upon his mind as not only to remember them, but to reproduce them, a second time in a dream in a subsequent slumber, into which he fell before arising.

Upon informing his friends of this circumstance on the following morning, they all united in urging him to purchase the ticket containing the lucky combination. Having no faith in lotteries, he was somewhat averse to so doing, but, overcome by their persuasions, he finally yielded the point, and after much search succeeded in finding the ticket he had seen in his sleep and purchased it. All who were cognizant of the circumstance, felt assured that he would draw the highest prizes, and were in anticipation, providing means for its proper disposal.

The gentlemen who bought the ticket assured them of his belief that the venture would be unsuccessful, but added that the opportunity to prove the little reliance to be placed on dreams was too good to be lost. The day of the drawing finally arrived, and all suspense was removed by the discovery that the ticket, like many other things in real life, however gilded it may have been in the dream, was nothing more than—a blank.

Yet it cannot be denied that not only the impressions made in dreams upon the mind are often real, but they are sometimes the precursors of future events, whether by a more intense concentration of the faculties of the mind, as in the case of the solution of a difficult proposition, when awake or in some less scrutable mode can not always be determined. "The opinion" says the author of Paul and Virginia, "that truth is sometimes presented to us during sleep prevails among all nations."

It frequently occurs that operations of the mind begun before are continued in sleep. Franklin was often enlightened in his abstruse studies by the suggestions of his thoughts during a state of sleep. The greatest poem of Italy Dante's Divina Commedia is said to be due to the influence of a dream.

The mind, in dreams, often takes up and eliminates original processes of thought. An anecdote is related of a distinguished clergyman, whose mind in sleep arranged and eliminated an entire discourse, of which he had never before thought, but which he delivered in the precise order in which it had been developed in his dream with the happiest effect.

"Pass the butter."—Horace Greeley.

Sprightly and Useful.

DRINKING WATER TANKS.—The wood of drinking water tanks may be preserved by coating it with genuine asphaltum, purified by melting it over a fire and stirring it occasionally for six hours. Apply to the dry wood and let it stand several days before wetting.

SEWER WATER.—The experiment of irrigating lands in the neighborhood of Paris with water from the sewers is said to be working successfully. Sterile tracts of land have been converted into fertile plains, while no increase of sickness among the inhabitants has followed, as was apprehended.

FLIES.—Flies may be effectually disposed of without the use of poison. Take half a teaspoonful of black pepper in powder, one teaspoonful of brown sugar, and one teaspoonful of cream. Mix them well together and place them in a room on a plate where flies are troublesome, and they will very soon disappear.

BRIDGES AND MUSIC.—Bands of music are forbidden to play on most of the large wire bridges of the world. A constant succession of sound waves, especially such as come from the playing of a good band, will excite the wires to vibration. At first the vibrations are very slight, but they increase as the sound waves continue to come.

COOLING DEVICE.—The discomfort of traveling in India in hot weather is decreased on the line of the great Peninsular Company by an ingenious device. The windows in every first-class railway carriage are provided with screens made of grass, which are kept constantly damp by the mechanism connected with the wheels. By this means the air is kept sweet and comparatively cool.

SUNSHINE RECORDER.—A photographic sunshine recorder has been invented. It consists of a semi-cylindrical box, with a flat lid, in the centre of which is a small hole. Round the inside of the cylinder strips of sensitive paper are fixed, and the instrument is then so placed that the sun, the hole and the centre line of the paper are in the same plane. As the sun moves, therefore, its track will be recorded on the paper.

SANITARY RULES.—The following are the main conditions to be fulfilled in putting a house into good sanitary order. 1. The liquid refuse from the house must have a free passage to the town sewer. 2. The air from the town sewer must not have a free passage into the house drain. 3. No air or gas from the drainage channels of the house must enter the house. 4. No water or liquids must leak from those channels into the ground under the house. 5. The drinking water must be stored in such a manner as to run no risk of contamination. 6. The air of the dwelling rooms must be supplied without contamination.

BLACK AND RED INKS.—Bruised Aleppo nutgalls, two pounds; water, one gallon; boil in a copper vessel for an hour, adding water to make up for that lost by evaporation; strain and again boil the galls with a gallon of water and strain; mix the liquors, and add immediately eight ounces of copperas in coarse powder and eight ounces of gum arabic; agitate until solution of these latter is effected, add a few drops of solution of potassium permanganate, strain through a piece of hair cloth, and after permitting to settle, bottle. The addition of a little extract of logwood will render the ink blacker when first written with. Half an ounce of sugar to the gallon will render it a good copying ink. Half a drachm of powdered drop lake and eighteen grains of powdered gum arabic dissolved in three ounces of ammonia water constitute one of the finest red carmine inks.

Farm and Garden.

THE ROSE.—Tobacco water, white hellebore and whale oil soap judiciously applied are remedies for the green fly or slug on rose bushes.

CLOVER AND TIMOTHY.—To attempt to sow clover and timothy seed mixed is not a good plan. The clover seed is heaviest, and the timothy will not be evenly distributed, at least when there is any wind.

POULTRY.—Such poultry feed as will swell much after eating should be soaked and swelled before it is fed, and especially in the case of quite small chickens. Corn meal freshly wet up has killed many a chicken.

SULPHUR.—When taken internally in quantities of about a teaspoonful once a week with food, sulphur, it is said, will keep all kinds of animals free from lice and promote the general health. One teaspoonful is sufficient for ten or twelve hens, or three or four sheep or pigs. The same quantity of of charcoal can be combined with it with good results.

THE CROW.—A New Hampshire writer asserts that the crow is exterminating the singing birds of New England. He says: "Few are the nests that escape his vigilant search, and fewer still the young birds that do not go to satisfy his ravenous appetite. I have watched and cursed them for years. I have seen them pounce upon the nest of the lark and of the plover; I have seen them leaving the nest of the robin with the young in their beaks."

FAILURE OF FLOWER SEEDS.—Vick says there are two very common causes of the failure of delicate flower seeds to germinate, namely, sowing them in place too cold and damp, and allowing the soil, after sowing, to become very dry, then watering and allowing it to dry again, and thus by successive alternations of wet and drouth, the starting plants are destroyed. The soil may be kept moist by shading with some thin material, such as paper, cotton cloth, or the clippings of the lawn.

PIG NUTS.—Experiments in regard to the effect upon horses of a diet of "pig-nuts" have recently been made in Germany. For some time it had been noticed that horses were very fond of these nuts, and would eagerly drink water in which some of them had been placed. Horses cared for in this way shed their long winter hair very early in the spring and come out in very fine an glossy summer coats. Two of the beasts experimented upon in this way were at first very shabby looking creatures, but in a few weeks their bodies rounded out and they gained from eleven to fourteen pounds in weight in eighteen days. In the meantime they worked more willingly and with greater effect than they had ever done before, and did not so easily break into a perspiration. One little badly groomed and half-starved pony which was submitted to this treatment,—the nuts being mixed with other food—gained twenty pounds in twenty-eight days, and, though at first he was lazy and sleepy, in a short time became sleek and spirited.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
SIXTIETH YEAR.

Important Notice!

☞As many of our subscribers have not yet taken advantage of our New Premium Offers, and yet evince a desire to do so, we have decided to extend the time to July 1st.

The New Premiums.

Our Diamante Brilliant Premiums are giving such universal satisfaction we sincerely wish every reader to have at least one of them! In view of their superior quality, beauty, and general excellence, subscribers who call at this office cannot imagine how we can afford such an expensive Premium. In response to many requests we beg leave to call attention to the following

TERMS TO CLUBS:

1 copy one year with either of the Diamond Premiums,	$2.50
2 copies one year with either of the Diamond Premiums to each,	5.00
3 copies one year with either of the Diamond Premiums to each,	7.50

and an extra Diamond Premium to the sender of the club, and for every three subscriptions thereafter at the same rate we will present the sender with an additional Premium. The whole set may be secured in this way without expense, and as each subscriber in the club receives THE POST one year and a Premium, a very little effort among friends and acquaintances should induce them to subscribe. Please read "More Recipients Heard From," on PAGE THREE, and show them to your friends. If anyone subscribing for THE POST and New Premium regrets the investment after examination, he has only to return the Premium in good order, and he will receive his money by return mail.

Very Respectfully,
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

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SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 18 1881.

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RETICENCE AND GOSSIP.

GREAT as is the gift of conversableness, which enables a person to be a pleasing companion by having fluency of talk, it is quite equaled by that of reticence or retention—the art of retaining, or holding in custody and due restraint, thoughts and words which by being divulged unadvisedly may do more harm than good. Who has not smarted from the neglect of this? Solomon tells us first that there is a time to keep silence, before he tells us that there is a time to speak. And there are times when reticence is a greater blessing than conversableness. The first and most important one is refraining from gossip. Gossip is, besides being perhaps mischievous to others, most injurious to the character of those who indulge in it. Once let the tittle-tattle about your neighbors' affairs cross your lips, and it is no longer under your control. You may have meant no harm by what you repeated; but by the additions that got made by others to your perhaps simple tale, increasing by each repetition, the end may be that the peace of a whole household may be disturbed, and perhaps a life's happiness destroyed, all because you would not keep in safe custody the little gossiping story you had heard from another gossiping acquaintance, or perhaps recounted yourself without hearing it all. When brought to give an account of the mischief you have caused, you may feel and express great sorrow for you want of reticence; but no sorrow of yours can heal the wound or restore the peace in that life or to that household. You would be shocked to be placed in the same ranks as the burglar of the assassin; but examine yourself faithfully, and you will find your sin is more than equal to theirs, for have you not taken the jewel of peace from the casket by your want of reticence, and driven the knife of slander to his very soul?

There are those who admit the evils of gossip, and put a restraint on themselves from indulging in it, but yet they retain not in their own safe keeping the hasty judgment or the unkind word that rises to their lips; and those on whom they fall feel blasted by the first, and keenly stabbed by the latter. In some cases these missiles return by tart recriminations on the head of the originator—a just retribution; and the pain which is suffered would have been spared, not only to his neighbor, but himself, had he but retained in his own safe keeping those matches of discord which have lighted, it may be, a flame of anger and distrust that will never die away.

SANCTUM CHAT.

MUCH complaint is made in various parts of the country over the large number of tramps that infest the community. Many of them go about selling soap and other articles, under a guise to inspect places to see what they can steal. Many of them have been arrested and sentenced for different crimes.

—

ACCORDING to recent estimates made up from the criminal statistics, there are more than seventy thousand professional lawbreakers at liberty within the limits of the city of Paris. The papers of that city say that there is an epidemic of crime raging that is not equaled in any city in Europe, and it is doubtless the most dangerous place of residence in the most civilized world.

—

I WAS rather amused, says a writer in the London World, when watching the scene in the Park during the last drawing-room, to see a lady and gentleman, the latter in uniform, in a brougham enjoying a quite gamble. They went on with the game, quite impervious to the remarks of the lookers on, and probably only put up their cards when they arrived at the doors of the palace.

—

A RECENT dinner party in the American colony, Paris, was remarkable for the elegance of its appointments. The centre of the table was adorned with a wheelbarrow in gilt, and filled with half-blown roses of various hues. At each lady's plate was placed a tiny garland of roses and spring flowers, adapted to be worn transversely on the corsage, and also a handsome fan of the new-fashioned and grandiose proportions, a beautiful and enduring souvenir of a tasteful entertainment.

—

THE new census shows that in this country the ruder sex outnumbers the gentler to the extent of nearly a million. It is to be sincerely hoped that nobody will say, "What are you going to do about it?" for this is manifestly one of the cases in which there is really nothing that can be done in spite of all that Mormons and other agencies for the importation of domestic servants have done to make the balance even.

—

WHILE Vienna was hurrahing over the recent imperial marriage, a poor tailor, the father of five children, all starving, shut himself up with them in a room, butchered them, and stabbed himself. Suspicion having been aroused, the door of the room was burst open and the police found him just alive, but covered with blood. He sat up for a moment, glanced at the five corpses, and then at a cage in which a canary was singing. "Give him to the janitor," he remarked, "otherwise he will starve to death;" then he lay down and died.

—

SINCE Englishmen were forced to admit that some things are better done in this country than in theirs, American improvements have rapidly invaded the British Isles. The luxury of Palace cars have become domesticated there, it is now proposed to introduce the hotel cars upon the long railway lines, and the government inserted a clause (which it subsequently withdrew) in the Customs and Inland Revenue bill allowing railroad companies to take out licenses for the sale of liquors and cigars in passenger carriages. A dining-room car has already been introduced upon one line.

—

THE influence of clean linen on mankind is a study by itself. No man can be positively moral in soiled linen, as no man can retain his self-respect who has to button up his coat to conceal his lack of a shirt. The fact that the tramps wear either dirty linen or no linen at all, has more significance than appears upon the surface. It is a symptom of his disease. The man who cares for clean linen cannot become a tramp. If every tramp could be habilitated in a clean shirt and be induced to wear it, tramping would disappear from the face of the earth. How much the disuse of linen has to do with the rough character of a frontier civilization, who shall say? The shirt may be said to be the emblem of civilization, and perhaps the best denotation of our civilization is: the linen age.

—

THE Parisian women have set up a stock market of their own. Every afternoon the initiated flock to a certain pastry cook's shop near the "Temple of Plutus," and there, between mouthfuls of ice cream and cake, they buy or sell the favorite stocks about which their friends, the members of the Bourse, have given them points. And here, again, the fair sex have an advantage over the stronger. No man would dare to give his female friend a bogus point, as is sometimes done among men. For if he did, and his fair friend lost heavily, he would be bound in honor to make up the loss to her. So the fair gamblers make money at a unprecedented rate. A duchess has already gained $160,000, and a well-known countess has managed to chisel some one out of money enough to build a handsome hotel. The frequenters of the Woman's Bourse do not display that extravagance in dress which might be expected. They are evidently anxious to avoid being noticed, and dress very plainly, but faces both aristocratic and celebrated have been recognized on the floor.

—

WHAT awkward prefixes Mrs and Miss are to the names of our women! Mr. is distasteful enough as a masculine title, but that the unpronounceable Mrs. and the hissing Miss should have survived as long as they have is a reflection upon the good sense of English-speaking people. Mistress or Mrs. might be revived—indeed, it would be a great improvement; but how inferior even this term is to Madam of the French! For Mademoiselle we have actually no exact equivalent, for this term may be used either as a prefix to the name or separately as a title, while the use of Miss without the name to follow is a vulgarism of the deepest dye. This fact leads to many awkwardnesses. How shall a person address a young lady whose name he does not know? To say 'Miss' is abominable; to say 'Madam,' if she is very young, is absurd; to borrow 'Mademoiselle' would be an affectation. The Language absolutely provides no thing appropriate in such an emergency, unless a word fairly obsolete in this use is revived—the word lady. We occasionally hear common people address a lady simply as lady, while the better informed, as they are supposed to be, stumble at 'Madam,' or are guilty of the impropriety of saying 'Miss.' It could be adopted more freely in this country than in England, because here it is not a title of rank, and no exclusive class is entitled to it.

—

THE Japanese craze is likely to lead to other results than the spending of money in gaudy house decorations. It is reported that some of the leaders of European fashion are about to adopt the Japanese shoe during their summer residence at the seaside. The Japanese shoe is made on principles which are calculated to give much comfort to the wearer. The heel is narrow and the toe broad and rounded, thus giving full play to the hitherto badly abused foot. Is there anything prettier than a baby's naked foot? Is there anything more hideous than that of a woman after it has gone through the fearful ordeal which fashion prescribes for it? The compression it has undergone has driven away that delicate pink tinge which was so charming before the foot had been imprisoned in the bootmaker's instrument of torture. Look at the toes crushed out of all shape and disfigured by unsightly callosities. If the devil is the father of cooks, he must be also the parent of the modern shoemaker. We ascribe to the ignorance of our cooks the indigestions and other discomforts to which badly cooked food subjects us. We should lay the greater part of our bad health to the bootmakers, who constructs an article which absolutely prevents us from taking that exercise which is more necessary to the preservation of health than even good cooking itself. It is certain that the ladies are conscious of this deformity, else why should they be so careful to hide their feet when entering the surf at the seaside resort?

A BUSY MAIDEN.

BY J. W.

Busy little maiden, bustling all the day,
Before your fairy fingers disorder flies away.

Dainty little maiden, I needs must let you know—
My heart is in disorder, and you have made it so.

Pretty little maiden, your task is plainly seen—
Tidy up my heart, love, and be its chosen queen

"HELD IN HONOR."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY HUTTON'S WARD," "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," "LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE," ETC., ETC., ETC

CHAPTER XX.—(CONTINUED.)

BORN to what, Lady Iris?" he asked wonderingly.

"Born to command," she replied.

"You are pleased to be satirical," he said coldly.

Not having the least idea of what he meant, she could not imagine how she had displeased him. If it had been any other man she would have left him at once; but he was different from any one else.

"You look displeased," she said. "It is through my careless words, I am sure. I am sorry to have annoyed you; I spoke without thinking."

She shrank a little from the warmth of his manner as he turned to her.

"How good you are!" he exclaimed. "You did not annoy me. I was foolish enough to think that you were satirical; now I see that you were not. Can you spare me only a few minutes of your valuable time? I should like to see your beautiful gardens."

A few minutes later she was walking by his side down one of the alleys. He had thought her perfection in her morning-dress of muslin; now she looked even more beautiful with a lace shawl drawn over her shoulders and a pretty broad-brimmed hat shading her sweet face.

The very wish of his heart had been granted—he was alone with her, with no one to draw her attention from him; nevertheless he found it difficult to speak to her, his heart seemed so full. When he was by himself, his words had risen like a torrent to his lips, he had thought of a thousand things he wished to say to her, but now that he was in her presence he was mute. He could not find words to express even one of his thoughts. Yet this silence that had fallen upon them was more eloquent than words could have been—at least she thought so. At last he summoned courage to speak.

"I am thinking of one of the lines you repeated, Lady Iris—'All the Faynes are proud and cold.' Is that true?"

"Yes," she replied frankly, "it is. If you were to ask me what are the principles faults in my character, I should tell you they were pride and coldness."

"I should not have thought it," he remarked.

"You have seen me in my best aspects," she went on. "I feel within myself that I am proud, that nothing can bend or break me, and that I could never conform to any circumstances that did not please me or suit me. I am cold too."

"You have been so good to me that I can hardly realize it, Lady Iris."

She laughed, while her face flushed.

"I am cold to the world in general," she said; "but to my friends and those who love me my heart is warm and open. But how could I be cold to you who saved my life?"

He stopped abruptly, and, standing before her, took both her hands in his. The proud young beauty, whose hands few men had dared to touch, was not angry. He looked straight into her face, and no indignant flush rose to it. The passion in his face and eyes startled her, and she stood quite still as one who had received a great shock.

"That is more than you have ever said to me before!" he cried. "Do you mean—be careful what you say, Lady Iris—a mistake would, I think, kill me—that I am your friend?"

She recovered herself and looked at him with a sweet bright look.

"How can you be anything else?" she said. "You saved my life, and I am grateful to you for having done so. You must always be my dearest friend."

His face grew pale with passion; nevertheless he kept his feelings under control.

"I am very proud of your friendship," he said, "and am honored by it. But is it to last, Lady Iris? Are we to be friends for all time?"

"Yes," she answered gently, "for all time."

"In spite of distance or absence, in spite of all changes and circumstances?" he asked.

"In spite of everything, if you will," she replied.

"Then I am the happiest and proudest man on earth!" he said. "I never dreamed that such an honor could be mine as that you would call me 'friend.' I can hardly believe it. It is more than I deserve."

"I do not think so; but for your courage I should perhaps be dead or so disfigured from a blow that none of my friends would know me. I owe my life to you and no one else."

He clasped her hand more tightly in his own.

"Tell me something else, Lady Iris. Do I owe all your favors to the fact that I saved your life?"

The little hands trembled in his, and the sweet face flushed under his searching gaze. She did not answer.

"You must tell me," he went on; "I must know. Is your generous liking for me and your friendship due to that one fact—you believe that I have saved your life?"

"No," she whispered, her lovely face paling with emotion, "not all of it."

"Take care, Lady Iris, that you make no mistake—your words are life or death to me!"

"I have made no mistake," she answered gently. With a great sigh he released her hands.

"I am very rude and abrupt," he said, "and I dare say that I am far too earnest to be altogether polite."

"I think you are very polite," she said, with a bright smile—"and I like earnest people, I understand them best, for I am earnest myself. Our twenty minutes or half hour has elapsed, Captain Osburn; the bell for luncheon will ring presently. I must go."

"I cannot let you go"—he spoke with an air of proprietorship that sat well on him—"I cannot part with you!"

"You must; there would be a small revolution if I were not present at luncheon-time!"

"I feel dazed and bewildered by your kindness to me," he said.

"Then you must regain your composure as soon as you can, and give your mind to the study of pigeon-pie and stilled hock!"

"I will go if you wish it; but I declare to you solemnly that my brain is in a whirl. I do not know what I am saying or doing, or what has happened to me. Lady Iris," he continued gravely, "I think I had better return to Hyne Court."

She laid her hand with a light touch on his arm, saying—

"You had better take me back to the Hall, and sit down with us to luncheon!"

"I will do just what you wish," replied Allan. "I am as wax in your hands."

"If the wax is well moulded, what does it matter in whose hands it is held?" And then she hastened away, lest he should say more.

He followed her to the dining-room, but he had spoken the truth when he said that he did not know what he was doing. Fortunately for him, he did not sit near her, or he would have been still more agitated. As it was, he answered so entirely at random that the Earl more than once beat his head over his plate to hide his amusement.

Then came the visit to the Priory. Lady Iris went in the carriage with two of her lady-visitors, and Captain Osburn rode by her. This was perhaps the happiest part of their love-dream, when each was attracted to the other by an irresistible power, and yet the word 'love' had not passed their lips. It was a day to be remembered while life lasted.

It seemed quite natural, when they reached the Priory, and the horses were tethered, that the two should keep together. The duty of escorting her over the ruins was left—as it seemed, by general consent—to the Captain; and he was not slow to avail himself of the opportunity.

It was a golden day, a day of joy to all; but to Lady Iris and Captain Osburn it was like the beginning of a new life. Nothing would ever be the same to them again, for they had both reached the shores of the pathless sea of love.

The Earl invited him to remain to dinner, but the Captain declined, on the plea that he had no evening dress with him; he longed to remain, but he would not put himself at a disadvantage with others. He went back to Hyne Court; but he left his heart behind him with the lovely girl who was well disposed to accept his worship.

"How will it end?" Allan wondered. "What shall I do? She is grateful to me, calls me her friend, and has promised me a friendship that shall last all through my life—and yet I am not satisfied!"

Would she ever love him, or was it, he asked himself, simply midsummer madness to think that she would ever condescend to be his wife?

"She knows all," he said to himself—"there has been no disguise on my part; and, if she loves me, it will indeed be for myself."

CHAPTER XXI.

A FEW more days passed, and it began to be a regular thing for Captain Osburn to ride over to Chandos. Sometimes it was on one pretext that he called, sometimes on another; but, whatever might be the reason given, he always saw Lady Iris.

The Earl had taken a great fancy to him. He liked him more than any man he had ever met, and in his heart quite approved of his daughter's acquaintance with him.

Allan Osburn had given himself up to his love dream. It was too late for prudence, too late for caution. He loved Lady Iris with all the strength of his manhood, and he enjoyed to the full the bewitching charm of her presence. He asked himself whether it was possible that she, an earl's daughter and a wealthy heiress, would ever marry him? If the positions were reversed—if he were an earl and she a poor girl—it would make no difference to him; he would marry her just the same. But would she, who was said to be so proud, overlook the difference of position between them? Yes, if she loved him and were a true woman, he thought. It was true that he had no noble blood in his veins, could boast no title or long line of ancestors; but he tried to make his life noble, and he felt that he should succeed. However it was, he knew that with all his heart and soul he loved beautiful Lady Iris Fayne.

It was no secret at Hyne Court—it could not be when he left his friends every day to go to Chandos. John Bardon laughed at the variety of his excuses.

"I cannot help noticing," he said, with great amusement, "that you have a fresh reason every day for going there. One day it is for fishing, another for a pic-nic, a third to see the Earl, the next to have a cigar with some one staying there. You are very ingenious."

"What do you suppose I go there for?" asked Allan, his face flushing.

John Bardon laughed.

"I find it hard to say," he replied. "Do not look so black at me. I have seen most of the men in the neighborhood go the same way and in the same fashion. All I can do is to wish you success."

The captain was not in the least ashamed of his love; he gloried in it, and he was not afraid of others knowing it. He was only too proud to be recognised as Lady Iris's admirer and adorer; but he would allow no one to rally him about her. Her name must be treated with respect. When any one spoke kindly and wished him success in his wooing, he was pleased. John Bardon was his friend. Allan never dreamed that he had betrayed him; and a few kindly words from him were not unacceptable.

"You must have some charm about you," John Bardon told him. "I know Lady Iris well. Before I married, my sister and I visited Chandos very often, and Lady Iris never considered us good enough to associate with."

"That must have been your fancy," replied Allan. "I have seen no such trait in her treatment of you; she always seems kind and considerate."

John Bardon laughed bitterly, so bitterly that, if Allan had not been so entirely engrossed in his own thoughts, he must have noticed it.

"Kind and considerate!" he repeated. "So am I to her. But you must have some charm about you. She knows your whole history, and yet she has never treated any one as she treats you."

"Perhaps she is of my opinion," replied Allan, "that nature makes gentlemen, and circumstances train them. But you are quite sure, John, that you told her all about me? There is no mistake, is there?"

"No—none," was the hasty reply. How should there be? You like her very much?" continued John Bardon, looking at the dark handsome face.

"That is a secret between myself and Heaven," answered Allan, "which no man must penetrate. You know that I would rather be dead than be known to her under a false guise of any kind!"

"I know that," said John Bardon sullenly.

"You told her of my birth and my history?" continued the Captain.

"Yes; I told her all," was the reply. "You at least are not sailing under false colors—you may be quite sure of that."

"I shall speak to her about it some day," said Allan. "She did not mention it to me. She told me you had given her the history of our first meeting; and she added—Heaven bless her for it!—that she sympathised with me."

"Did she sympathize with you?" inquired John Bardon, with a look of wonder. "Then you are a fortunate man," he added. "She does not, as a rule, sympathize with men who have sprung, like you and myself, from the people."

"She is the noblest woman living!" cried Allan. "In my opinion there is no one like her. Heaven bless her, I say again."

"You are sure that she showed no pride or contempt when she spoke to you of what I had said?" asked John Bardon.

"None," replied Allan. "On the contrary, she showed the greatest sympathy for me."

"Then," said the other solemnly, "you are a happy and fortunate man. I will say no more; you can infer the rest."

"I shall speak to her about it soon," said Allan.

John Bardon laid his hand heavily upon his arm.

"You know the world and you understand life far better than I do, Osburn; but, if you will take my advice, you will not do that."

"Why not?" asked the Captain.

"She would not like it, I am sure. It would seem like a want of trust on your part—as though you did not quite believe her when she expressed sympathy. If I were in your place, I should say nothing about it—not one word until she does."

"I do not care which way it is," said Allan, "so long there is neither disguise nor deceit."

Lady Iris who had overheard a part of the conversation, came up to her husband.

"How are matters progressing in that quarter, John?" she asked.

"Better than I expected," he answered sullenly.

"Well, surely that pleases you!" said his wife. "You wanted your revenge, and it seems to me that you will have it."

"I wish I were dead!" muttered John Bardon.

"I think you ought to have more sense!" cried his wife.

"My dear Avice," he replied, "you are a very good woman, but there are things that you do not understand."

"That is quite possible," said Lady Avice calmly; "but I know how to distinguish common sense from nonsense; and you are talking nonsense—nothing else. Tell me how the affair progresses."

"I am sure she likes him," declared her husband savagely. "I—I knew she would!"

"Well, and what does that matter to you, John?" she asked, so coldly that he was nonplussed.

"It matters nothing to me—less than nothing," he said hastily.

"I should have thought you would be very pleased," Lady Avice went on. "It is part of your revenge, is it not? I understood so."

"Yes," he replied, "it is part of my vengeance, Avice. "They may marry, and all end merrily as a marriage-bell."

"They will do nothing of the kind," he asserted. "I know her better than you do. I know her pride and her scorn. If she loved him well enough to break her heart and his, she would not marry him when she knew what he was. No matter what distinction he might gain in his profession, she would not marry him if she knew that his father had been in trade."

"She must be very foolish then," said Lady Avice.

"So she is, and proud; and she will suffer for her pride. But it will serve her right. I told her that I would be revenged, and so I will."

"It is really a clever little plot, John," laughed Lady Avice. "Of course you will have to bear the brunt of one thing; you have told a lie, and that will always disgrace you if ever it gets known."

"It never will be known," he replied huskily—"at least not my share in the affair; they are both too proud to speak of it. Putting that on one side however, what he would say would hurt me far more than what the world would say. He is an honest noble-hearted man, and he has called me his friend."

"If you had not the nerve to carry out your plot, you should not have begun it," she said contemptuously.

"I have plenty of nerve," returned John Bardon; "my nerve never fails me; but I shall not care to see the face of Allan Osburn when he knows the truth."

"I am sorry for the Captain too," said Lady Avice. "But he will soon get over it; men never think of those things long. It is a capital little plot, John. It would make a good melodrama. You love a girl, and she rejects you with such scorn that you swear vengeance against her; and your vengeance takes this form—you introduce her to the handsomest man you know, pretending that he is a gentleman by birth, and making her believe it, although he is really only the son of a tradesman. They grow warmly attached to each other—you will give them time for that, I suppose?—and then comes the denouement, when he asks her to marry him and the whole story comes out. They part and are miserable ever afterwards. It is really an amusing vengeance, John; I congratulate you on it"—and he could not tell whether it was contempt or amusement that his wife looked at him: "It is more like the plot of a woman than of a man; it is refined cruelty. She will send him away when she knows the truth, although it will almost break her heart to do so; and he will go."

"Yes, he will go," said John Bardon; "and I shall feel like a villain for the rest of my life. Still I shall have my revenge, my just and righteous revenge."

CHAPTER XXII.

FIVE weeks had passed, and Captain Osburn, who had had his leave renewed, began to think that his visit to Hyne Court had been long enough, although, whenever he hinted at taking his departure, John Bardon refused to hear of it.

"You must not speak of going yet," he said. "You promised me a long visit."

"It has been unconscionably long, I am afraid," replied Captain Osburn; "but to me it has been such a period of utter happiness that the days have glided by like moments. Still the time approaches when I must go."

"It must not be yet," laughed his host. "What is the song my wife is forever singing?—'If we must part, why should it be now?'"

"Lady Avice would think you wanting in respect if she heard you," laughed Allan. "That is one of the finest love songs we have, and you quote it in that irreverent fashion! I will remain a few days longer, with many thanks to your boundless hospitality, John. I shall never be able to repay you; and, to tell you the truth, I do not want to go. What can Lady Avice think of my long visit?"

"She is the more pleased the longer it lasts," replied John Bardon; and he was smitten with shame that he should so betray his friend.

One day, when Captain Osburn was walking through the woods of King's Forest with Lord Caledon, he spoke of his departure.

"I have been at Hyne Court nearly six weeks," he said, "and I am more unwilling than ever to leave the neighborhood; I find it so pleasant."

"I hope," returned the Earl, "that before you go you will spend a few days at Chandos. I shall be delighted to have you with us."

He could not help seeing how the young soldier's face brightened, and how for some little time he was quite unable to answer him.

Allan tried to thank him; and the Earl knew that there was real deep gratitude in the few broken words.

"Come to us on Thursday, Captain Osburn," said the Earl. "We shall have another party of guests by then, and you will meet some very agreeable people."

"One might be always sure of that at Chandos," replied Allan. "I think you have the happy knack of gathering very pleasant people round you. I shall be delighted to come."

When he left Lord Caledon, he was almost beside himself with happiness. On Thursday he would be with Iris, live under the same roof with her, see her nearly every hour of the day.

"Heaven bless the Earl!" he cried in the fulness of his joy. "He is the kindest man I ever met. I can never thank him enough. He must see that I love his daughter—nay, that I worship the ground on which she stands—and his invitation to Chandos shows that he does not object to me as a suitor. If I try to win that one which my heart is fixed, I shall find no foe in him."

When Allan told John Bardon that he was going to stay at Chandos for a few days, the master of Hyne Court smiled.

"I am heartily glad to hear it," he said; "and I think better of the Earl than I have ever done."

When he reported the news to Lady Avice afterwards, John Bardon added—

"You may be quite sure that all will soon be settled now."

"And then the part you have played will be disclosed," she said.

"I have borne worse troubles than that," he said grimly.

Captain Osburn could not quite understand his host. His eyes followed him with a strange wistful look, and he seemed always on the point of saying something to him. He had lost much of his geniality, and was generally to be seen with a thoughtful, sullen face and knitted brows. He was greatly changed from what he was when Allan first knew him.

The young soldier had not much leisure to devote to him; still he was a little puzzled by his strange ways and humors. At times John Bardon seemed foolishly fond of him; and then again he seemed to dislike him, and spoke to him almost impatiently and harshly. He could not account for such capriciousness; he did not know that in John Bardon's mind there was a continual struggle between his affection for him and his evil desire for revenge.

Lord Caledon was sure that what he had done would please his daughter.

"Iris," he said to her, "I know we have many visitors, and we shall have more next week; but is one of the best bed-rooms unoccupied?"

"I will ask, papa," she replied. "For whom do you want it?"

"For a friend of yours rather than of mine," he said, with a smile, carefully avoiding his daughter's eyes. "I have asked Captain Osburn to spend a few days at Chandos before he goes away from the neighborhood, and he is coming on Thursday. Will you order the room to be prepared?"

There was silence for a few moments; and then, in a quiet low voice, she answered—

"I am glad he is coming to see us, for he likes Chandos."

From that moment she thought of nothing else. The young soldier was coming to Chandos; they were to be under the same roof, and would be for whole days together. She did not think of the time when he would have to go away, the present was so bright that it dazzled her, she saw no farther. She smiled to herself as she repeated the words, "He is coming on Thursday."

At length Thursday came. Captain Osburn was to reach Chandos in time for dinner; and she saw him for the first time in the drawing-room. She had taken unusual pains with her toilet. She wore a pale-blue brocade trimmed with fine filmy lace, diamonds sparkled in her hair, on her white neck, and round her lovely arms.

They said but little when they met. Her hand lay for one moment in his, her face flushed, and her eyes fell. She murmured a few words of welcome, and then passed on to another guest. But, although she seldom looked at him and seldom spoke, she was intensely conscious of his presence. She seemed to hear ever word he uttered, and followed his every movement, yet without giving the least sign.

It was the same with him, he followed every movement of the graceful figure, and envied every one to whom she stopped to speak, yet in his own mind he knew that her thoughts were all with him.

It was not until dinner was over and the guests were variously engaged that they found a few minutes leisure. The night was beautiful, the moon was shining, and the air was full of perfume. Some of the party had gathered round the piano, where Laura Seymour, in her sweet sad contralto, was singing a love-song. Allan drew near to Lady Iris, and they stood side by side listening to the singer. Her song was called "If," and the sweetness and the sadness went home so completely to Allan and Lady Iris that they were lost to everything except the music and each other.

"If he would come to-day, to-day,
Oh, what a day to-day would be!
But now he's away long miles away,
From me, far away from me.

"O little bird flying, flying, flying
To your nest in the warm west,
Tell him as you pass that I am dying—
As you pass home to your rest!

"In this weary world it is so cold, so cold
While I sit here all alone;
I would not like to wait to grow old,
But just to be dead and gone.

"Make me fair when I lie on my bed,
Fair where I am lying!
Perhaps he may come and look on me dead,
He for whom I am dying.

"Dig my grave for two, with a stone to show it,
And on the stone write my name;
If he never comes I shall never know it,
But sleep on all the same."

On looking into Lady Iris's face, Allan saw that the bright, proud eyes were wet with tears.

"Why is it," she said, "that love-songs are so sad? I never hear one but that the burden of it is melancholy."

"I should imagine it is because there are not many happy loves," he answered. "I do not think a happy love is a common thing, the rule is that one loves another without hope of return. I have not thought much of love in my lifetime; but I should say that the most terrible pain a man can suffer is when he loves with his whole heart and loves in vain."

For a moment the face of John Bardon rose before her as she had seen it under the almond tree—distorted with passion and pain. Had he suffered so cruelly? Had she added to his sufferings by those cruel words "insult" and "sacrilege?" She tried to argue with herself that it could not be; and then she looked up anxiously at her companion.

She could not be angry; the words were spoken in all simplicity.

"I would never inflict pain wilfully," she replied, and again there rose before her the white face and trembling lips of John Bardon. "If ever I have given pain, I have felt sorry for it," she added.

"I do not know myself," said Allan half sadly—"I have had but little experience—I may say none, but I have heard men who have suffered say that a beautiful woman is a scourge amongst men, so many love her, and she loves but one."

"Men are very wicked to say such things," replied Lady Iris, and yet in her heart she knew it was true.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A GLASS OF WINE.—The Duke of Orleans was the eldest son of King Louis Philippe. His generous qualities had made him universally popular. One morning he invited a few of his friends to breakfast, as he was about to depart from Paris to join his regiment. In the conviviality of the hour he drank a little too much wine. He did not become intoxicated, he was not in any respect a dissipated man. His character was lofty and noble. But in that joyous hour he drank just one glass too much. In taking the parting glass he slightly lost the balance of his body and mind. Bidding adieu to his companions, he entered his carriage; but for that one glass of wine he would have kept his seat. Remembering something, he leaped from his carriage; but for that one glass of wine he would have alighted on his feet. His head struck the pavement. Senseless and bleeding, he was taken into a beer shop near by and died. That glass of wine overthrew the Orleans dynasty, confiscated their property, and sent the whole family into exile.

INSECTIVOROUS PLANTS.—A famous New York botanist does not believe that the so called insectivorous plants derive any more nourishment from their victims than the hemlock, which destroys millions of gnats on its resinous exudations, or the thistle and burdock, which impale so many butterflies, moths, and bumble bees on their spines. In the summer of 1878 he and another gentleman made two experiments, using 100 plants in each test, those chosen being the well-known Carolina fly trap. The plants which received no insects were just as vigorous as those which had been treated to the supposed animal diet.

It is remarkable how many things will explode—bottles of catsup, doughnuts, soda-water fountains, boilers, roast potatoes, and now man. At least, we read in a novel that "Eugenie's father, upon hearing this, exploded with indignation." This should teach fathers never to fool with indignation.

The FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP

In the hands of a Sensible, Intelligent, Refined, Honorable Person, The Frank Siddalls Soap never fails to take away all the hard work of wash-day, and make Clothes clean, sweet and white without hard rubbing, *and without Scalding or Boiling a single piece.*

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HOW TO TELL A SENSIBLE WOMAN.

A Sensible Woman dont get mad when she is told of improved ways of doing housework, *but is always glad to hear of them*, and is willing to try them when brought to her notice.

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HOW TO TELL A WOMAN OF REFINEMENT.

A Woman of Refinement will be pleased to have the opportunity of doing away with the nasty, filthy smell from scalding and boiling Clothes, and with the unhealthy steam that injures health and ruins wall paper and furniture.

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HOW TO TELL AN INTELLIGENT WOMAN.

An Intelligent Woman will have no trouble in following the directions for using The Frank Siddalls Soap, so simple and easy that a child can understand them and carry them out.

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HOW TO TELL AN HONORABLE WOMAN.

An Honorable Woman would scorn to do so mean an action as to buy an article which is guaranteed to save the health and strength of overworked women unless she intended to follow directions so strongly insisted on.

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AND NOW DONT GET THE OLD WASH-BOILER MENDED! BUT NEXT WASH-DAY PUT ASIDE ALL LITTLE NOTIONS AND PREJUDICES AND GIVE ONE HONEST TRIAL

TO THE FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES.

The Frank Siddalls Soap, and The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes, is endorsed not only by such Leading Secular Papers of the country as *The Philadelphia Record* and *Times*, *The Norristown Herald*, *The Burlington Hawkeye*, &c., but by such Religious Papers as *The Christian at Work* and *The Christian Advocate*, both of New York City, and both of them recognized as authorities among the Religious Press of the country, *and this Advertisement would not be inserted in this Paper if there was any Humbug about it!*

READ THE FOLLOWING CAREFULLY BEFORE SENDING FOR A CAKE FOR TRIAL,

For the Soap will not be sent unless a Promise comes to Use it on a Regular Family Wash, and by THE FRANK SIDDALLS WAY of Washing Clothes.

READ THIS BEFORE SENDING.

If you reside at a place where The Frank Siddalls Soap is not sold, send 10 cents in money or stamps to the Office, 718 Callowhill Street, Philadelphia. **Say in your Letter that it shall be used on a Regular Family Wash, and by The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes.** In return you will get a cake of the grandest Toilet, Bath, Shaving, and General Household Soap in the world, sufficient to do a good size wash. It will be put in a neat metal box that will cost 6 cents, 15 cents in postage-stamps will be put on, and all sent you for 10 cents. Only one piece will be sent to each person writing, and only when wanted to use on a family wash. *The same Soap is used for all purposes; but if wanted for Toilet or Skin Diseases, 30 cents must be sent to cover the actual cost of Soap, postage and box.*

Only one kind of Soap, but used for all purposes.

Only use lukewarm water, no matter how soiled the wash is, for The Frank Siddalls Soap does NOT depend on Hot Water nor on hard rubbing. Even when washing for Farmers, Machinists, or Laborers, never use very warm water. *This is contrary to the usual rule, but is the way to use The Frank Siddalls Soap.*

Even a person of ordinary intelligence will know that Soap that is *beneficial* to the skin cannot possibly injure Clothing, no matter if used for a long time.

If too set in old ways to try The Frank Siddalls Soap and the Frank Siddalls Way of using it, SEND FOR A PAMPHLET.

The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes;
Easy, Genteel, Neat, Clean, and Lady-like.

First: Dip one of the pieces in the tub of water; draw it out on the washboard, and soap it lightly, especially where you see any dirt or soiled places. Then roll up the article in a tight roll, just as a piece is rolled when sprinkled for ironing, *and lay it back in the tub in the water out of the way*—and so on with each piece until all are soaped and rolled up. Then go away for twenty minutes or longer—*one hour is just the thing!*—**and let the Soap do its work.**

Next: After standing the full time, commence *by rubbing a piece lightly on the washboard, when all the dirt will drop out.* Turn each piece inside out while washing it, so as to get at the seams; but dont use any more Soap, and *dont wash through two suds*, but get all the dirt out in the first suds.

☞ *Next comes the rinsing.* Each piece must be *lightly* washed through a lukewarm rinse water on the washboard without using any Soap *until all the dirty suds are out.* [Every smart housekeeper will know just how to do this.]

☞ *Next comes the blue water.* [Use scarcely any blueing.] *Stir a piece of Soap in the blue water until the water is decidedly soapy;* put the clothes through this soapy blue-water and *out on the line without any more rinsing, and without scalding or boiling a single piece.* The clothes will not smell of the Soap, but will be as sweet as if never worn. *Dont put clothes to soak over night:* it makes them harder to wash, *and is not a clean way. Dont try on part of the wash;* try it on the entire wash. The Soap washes freely in hard water. *Dont use Soda or Borax.* The White Flannels are to be washed with the other white pieces.

READ THIS BEFORE SENDING.

The Frank Siddalls Soap Proves to be a Wonderful Cure for Skin Diseases,

ENTIRELY SUPERSEDING THE USE OF OINTMENTS AND SALVES.

By washing freely with The Frank Siddalls Soap, and leaving on plenty of the rich, creamy lather, and not allowing any Ointment or any other Soap, or any other application to touch the skin, it has never been known to fail to cure old stubborn Ulcers, Ringworm, and all itching and scaly humors on the body, and the terrible scaly incrustations that sometimes are found on the heads of children. It will soon be used in every Almshouse, Hospital and Dispensary in the country.

If you have an *Ingrowing Toe Nail, Itching Piles, Tetter, Salt Rheum*, or any trouble from sore surfaces of the skin, no matter how many years' standing, try Frank Siddalls Soap. If *Ingrowing Toe Nail*, press some of the Soap between the nail and tender flesh.

It is a splendid DENTIFRICE, cleaning the mouth as well as the teeth, and purifies the breath.

Remember, it does not soil the garments or bedclothing like ointments always do.

CURES CHAPPED HANDS AND PIMPLES ON THE FACE.

A Pamphlet Shewing Mode of Use is now ready, and will be furnished on application.

Just think what you will save by this Easy Way of Washing! No Wash-boiler! No Steam! No Smell of Suds through the House! It has the remarkable property of **Washing Freely in Hard Water,** and *does not* require the aid of Borax, Soda, Lye, Washing Crystal, Ammonia, or any Washing Preparation whatever. In places where water is very scarce, or has to be carried a long distance, it is an important fact that The Frank Siddalls Soap *only requires about one fourth of the water* that is needed where other Soap is used—four or five pails of water being sufficient with this Soap, where other Soap would require a barrel.

It is better for Shaving than any Shaving Soap; better for Toilet and Bath than any Toilet Soap; better and cheaper for it can be made to go further) for all common uses. Dont get the old wash-boiler mended, *for a tea kettle will heat enough water for a large wash* when the clothes are washed by The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT, AND SEE THAT YOU GET WHAT YOU ASK FOR. TRY IT NEXT WASH-DAY.

Address all letters to Office of FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP, 719 Callowhill Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Our Young Folks.

WHAT JOWLER DID.

IT was a very warm summer, and the well in the corner of the little cabbage garden at the back of the school house, ran dry.

Some of Mr. Shortridge's pupils were not sorry that the water had failed, and that only mud was left for the soft green ferns to dip their graceful fronds in; because now, whenever they imagined themselves thirsty they had to go all the way to Mr. Burchell's pump for water, and could not reasonably be expected to go and come in less than thirty minutes.

Even Dickie Deare, though generally the most industrious of small boys, was glad when one sultry July morning a slight dryness in his throat gave him a good excuse for moistening it in Mr. Burchell's yard.

There were two ways to the yard from the school room; the one by the high road, through a large iron gate that was very nice to swing upon, the other through an old pasture field, where a flock of sheep usually grazed.

This field led into the stack yard, and from the stack yard it was only a short distance to the pump.

Dickie chose the path by the field to day because he knew that if he stopped to swing on the gate he would have no time for pumping water into the big tub that was always under the pump, and was so delightfully hard to fill, on account of the water running out through the leaks as fast as it ran in.

The open air felt very pleasant after the closeness of the school room, and he was in no hurry to leave it.

He sauntered slowly along with his hands behind his back, humming to himself, and was about half way between the vegetable garden and Mr. Burchell's stack yard when he was surprised to see Jowler, their own dog, coming to meet him.

It was the first that had been seen of the dog that day, for he could not be found when his breakfast was ready, and did not come when he was called.

"Why, Jowler, where have you been? Bad dog, not to come home for your breakfast!" said Dickie, patting the dog's head.

When he took his hand away, he found that there was blood upon it.

"Oh you bad dog! I do believe that you have been fighting!" cried Dickie in scolding tones, and by a other wag of the tail Jowler intimated that he thought it very likely.

"Naughty Jowler! You ought to keep out of bad company."

"Please, with your permission, I'll run home to breakfast now," answered Jowler, as plainly as dog could speak without words, and with a bow and a scrape and many apologetic wags of his tail, he left his young master, and trotted off homewards.

Dickie went on again until he reached the stack yard gate, and then he stopped short, his blue eyes distended with fright, for standing under the hedge, all wounded and bleeding was a poor lamb that Mr. Burchell had lately bought from Dickie's father.

The lamb gave a pitiful bleat when she saw him, and then hung her head again as if she were going to die.

"I must run and tell Mr. Burchell," he said.

But he didn't run; he stood where he was and looked towards home.

He could not believe Jowler did it, but appearances were against him, and if it were known that he had been in the field with the sheep he would certainly be shot for sheep-killing.

Mr. Burchell had said he would shoot the first strange dog that was seen about the place.

At first Dickie thought of going back to school, and saying nothing to anyone of what he had seen.

But he was too kind hearted to leave the poor suffering animal out in the heat, at the mercy of the flies.

So as soon as Jowler was safely out of sight he ran as fast as he could up to Mr. Burchell's, and told one of the men whom he met in the yard how poor Maley was injured.

The man hurried off to Mr Burchell, who came running with more men to question Dickie, and then somebody brought a gun.

"Did you see any dogs about, my little man," Mr. Burchell asked him.

"No I didn't see any dogs," answered Dickie, slowly and deliberately.

That was Dickie's first falsehood.

He tried to excuse himself by saying that it was only a "white 'ie,' for that he had not seen any *dogs* about, although he had seen a *dog*.

But though no one thought of suspecting him, still Dickie's mind was not easy about Jowler.

His conduct was certainly suspicious, instead of lying in the kitchen, as he had been in the habit of doing he now always made off the moment he had swallowed his supper, and no amount of coaxing could induce him to come in again.

In the morning he would generally be found asleep in his kennel, but once or twice he did not make his appearance till after breakfast; and you may guess how anxious Dickie was then.

One day however, about a month afterwards as Dickie was going to school with his brother Tom and his sister Milly, he thought he would run down to Mr Burchell's field and see if there were any ripe blackberries at the foot of it.

They were too early for school, so there would be plenty of time.

Allowing the others to go on without him, he went along by the "burn," or brook that separated Mr. Burchell's land from his father's.

A hawk was poising itself in the air, as if waiting to pounce down upon something.

Dickie wondered what prey it was after, and kept his eye on its movements as he hurried on to the blackberry briars.

When he was watching the hawk of course he could not watch where he was going, and before he knew, he had nearly fallen over something that was lying in a furrow.

He looked quickly enough then, and saw a sheep either dead or dying.

As soon as he saw it he remembered that Jowler had not come home for any breakfast that morning, and when he looked toward home he saw him walk quietly up to the house.

Dickie went back to Tom and told him his suspicions.

"We must go and tell Mr. Burchell first thing," said Tom.

"Oh, but he'll shoot poor Jowler!" sobbed Dickie.

"I am afraid he will; but we must tell him."

Mr Burchell was greatly surprised when the children told him what Dickie had seen.

He was not angry with Dickie, for he thought it quite natural that he should wish to screen the dog; but he was very angry with Jowler, and said he must be killed at once.

But when Mr Deare heard the story he would not consent to have his faithful dog shot till his guilt should be proved beyond a shadow of doubt.

Mr Burchell declared that no further proof was needed, and angrily insisted on immediate justice for his lost sheep.

But after awhile he became cooler, and on Mr. Deare promising to keep a watch every night, he consented not to shoot the dog without his neighbor's consent.

* * * * *

Mr. Burchell's sheep had been left out as usual in the field, and Mr Deare was keeping watch in his own kitchen.

Tom was sitting up along with his father, and Jowler was lying apparently asleep in front of his kennel.

For a long time everything was quiet.

Jowler lay motionless, with his nose buried in his tail, Tom's eyes were half closed and Mr. Deare was nodding, when suddenly from far away there came a short sharp yelp.

In an instant Jowler was on his legs and the next he was out of the yard and away.

Mr Deare caught up his gun and followed fast with Tom, and as they ran they heard that peculiar yelp again.

It had come much nearer now, and this time another dog answered the signal.

But it was not Jowler, he tore on down the Burn Brae in silence.

When Mr Deare and Tom reached Mr Burchell's field they found the sheep standing huddled together in one corner.

They also had heard the signal given and returned, and knew too well—poor helpless things—what it meant.

As soon as they caught sight of Jowler they fled away in a frightened heap, till they came to the middle of the field, where there was a sycamore tree growing.

Here they made a stand facing Jowler, and Mr Deare raised his gun, prepared to fire the moment they were attacked.

But it far from Jowler's noble mind to attack his innocent neighbors.

As he went up to them Maley came forward to meet him, smiling and stamping her feet.

After sniffing round him for a little, till quite satisfied that it was he, she went back to the flock, and Jowler placed himself in front, and stood with head erect, growling in a low menacing way.

Mr Deare and Tom kept out of sight, stooping down behind the fence to see what would happen next.

Again two yelps broke upon the stillness of the night; they were close at hand now, and followed each other in quick succession.

Jowler gave a fiercer growl when he heard it, and the next moment they were hurrying across the field, with three dogs after them.

In less time than it takes to tell, one sheep was separated from the flock and run down by the strange dogs.

But just as they caught the poor animal by the wool, Jowler seized the larger of them, and a fierce fight began.

The other dog left his comrade to his fate while he stood by the sheep, but he was not allowed to do her any harm, for Mr. Deare, thinking it now full time to interfere, fired at and killed him.

When the dog who was fighting with Jowler heard the report of the gun he broke off as fast as he could, followed so closely by Jowler that Mr. Deare dared not fire again for fear of hurting him.

He called loudly for him to come back, for he did not wish his brave dog to be endangered by any more fighting.

Jowler returned very unwillingly, still growling fiercely, and just then Mr. Burchell came running up half dressed.

"Have you shot him?" he shouted as soon as he was within earshot.

"I have shot a dog," was the reply, "but not my noble Jowler, who has been protecting your property."

Jowler came forward when he heard his name, looking very bashful, as if he knew he deserved praise, but was too shy to receive it without blushing.

And of course, when Mr Burchell heard all, no praise was too great to bestow upon him.

Jowler and his bravery and sagacity formed the talk of the neighborhood for several days, and he became quite a hero in public estimation.

But as, unlike the heroes of old, he was unable to recite his own noble deeds some of them could only be guessed at.

There could be no doubt that both times Dickie had seen him in the field he had been keeping watch over the sheep after a hard battle to defend them.

Sundry scars about his ears and throat, which no one had paid any heed to when he was in disgrace, were discovered now, and triumphantly pointed out as additional evidence of his gallant defence of his helpless neighbors.

Whether he had been prompted by general benevolence, or by a particular regard for the pet lamb, Maley, whose milk he had at one time been in the habit of sharing, could not be known.

THE FUGITIVE BRIDE.

BY PIPKIN.

DORSET COURT was a grand old place in the reign of the third Edward, and was inhabited by a family of that name.

Sir Richard Dorset was a fine specimen of the old English cavalier, proud of his lineage, proud of the land in which he was born, and too proud to admit the possibility of his proud race being deteriorated by mixture with plebeian blood.

Sir Richard had long been a widower, and one fair daughter whom he loved passing well, was his only child.

Of Anne, who was the image of her deceased mother, he was extravagantly proud, as well he might be, for one fairer in mind or person lived not in all the country round about.

The wish next to his heart was, that when she grew to woman's estate she might wed one at least her equal in birth or station; and it need not be mentioned that when she reached her sixteenth year, there was scarcely a young gallant in the whole circle of her father's acquaintances who did not aspire to her hand and fortune.

Among these lovers were two, destined to become rivals when the fluttering and flattering crowd of beaux had, one by one, discovering no chances of success, betaken themselves to other shrines.

One was a nobleman, the other was a commoner: their names were Edward Earl of Fortescue, and plain Robert Meacham.

The course of true love, it is said never does run smooth, it certainly did not in this particular case, for Anne Dorset, despite the order of her father that she should wed Earl Fortescue, had been undutiful enough to give her heart to an untitled gentleman, who was every way worthy of her esteem and affection.

When she informed her father that she could not wed with one she did not love the stern old cavalier flew into a terrible rage, and fearful that the delay might prove dangerous, at once appealed to the king, who in consequence of false reports prejudicial to the loyalty of Robert Meacham, had the unfortunate young suitor arrested on a charge of high treason.

Little use was it for poor Anne Dorset to resist.

All her tears, hysterics, swoonings and passionate declarations went for nothing.

Sir Richard Dorset, like a great many other foolish old fathers, consoled himself with the belief that love was not an absolute requisite, where there was plenty of yellow gold and thousands of broad acres; and sent peremptorily for his chaplain, who obeyed the summons, and in the chapel of Dorset Court, united the half-insensible Anne to her lordly lover.

No sooner had the union been completed than poor Robert Meacham was released from prison.

Terrible was the blow he experienced when he learned that during his confinement his beloved Anne had been married to Fortescue.

Indignant at the wrongs he had suffered, and certain of the affections of his mistress, he prevailed upon several friends to assist him in a project for the gratification of his love and revenge.

It happened that Earl Fortescue possessed an estate near Bristol, then a great seaport, and to this place he conducted his unwilling wife.

As soon as possible after the nuptials, Meacham and his friend followed in their traces; and one of the latter having disguised himself, obtained employment in the family of the earl as a domestic servant.

Watching carefully his opportunity, he obtained an interview with the unhappy wife, disclosed who he was and what was his errand, and found the young bride full of tender recollections of her lover, and dislike to the husband thus forced upon her.

Through the agency of this friend, Meacham had several communications with her, in the course of which means were concerted for their escape to France, where they might dwell unmolested.

It was a bright and clear morning when Anne, with her fictitious groom, rode out for the alleged purpose of taking the air.

Soon after, the castle was left behind, and putting spurs to their horses, they galloped to a small fishing village on the shores of the British Channel, where a boat awaited them.

A vessel lay in the offing, and speedily Anne Dorset reached the deck on which stood Robert Meacham, eager and overjoyed to greet his recovered treasure.

In half an hour the anchor was weighed, the sails set, and gaily coursed the love-laden bark, Meacham anticipating the triumph of soon landing with his prize upon the shores of France.

But there is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip.

The wind, which had hitherto been favorable, suddenly changed, and a gale arose in the night which sent them directly out of their course.

The poor fugitive was filled with terror and remorse, and looked on this uproar of the elements as the anger of Heaven against her.

For fourteen weary days and nights the gallant little vessel strove with the tempest, and at length at daybreak land was discovered.

As they drew near, the rising sun shone on noble forests, the trees of which were of a kind unknown to them.

Flights of birds came hovering about the ship, and perched upon the rigging without any signs of fear.

The boat was sent on shore to reconnoitre, and soon returned with such reports of the beauty of the country, that Meacham determined to take his drooping companion to the shore, in hopes that her health might be restored.

They were accompanied to the shore by the faithful friends who had assisted in their flight.

The mariners remained on board to guard the ship.

The country was indeed delightful—a little Paradise amidst the waves.

Here, at last, Meacham believed that happiness would be his; that the serene tranquility of this delightful solitude would recruit the drooping health and spirits of his companion.

Three days, however had scarcely passed, when a violent storm arose, and raged all night over the island.

On the following morning Meacham repaired to the seaside, but the ship was gone, and he concluded that it had foundered in the tempest.

The blow was tremendous, but it fell most severely on poor Anne.

Again she reproached herself with being the cause of their misfortunes, and refused all consolation.

And thus, without uttering a word, died on that lonely island, the gentle and unfortunate English girl, in the very prime of her youth and beauty.

The last act of the tragedy was soon passed out.

Meacham was struck with despair, and in the bitterness of his grief upbraided himself with tearing the unfortunate young lady from her home, country and friends, to perish on a savage coast.

He survived her but five days, and then died, requesting to be laid beside her at the foot of a rustic altar which they had erected.

The island was speedily deserted by Robert's followers, who escaped in the ship's boat.

After enduring many hardships, they at last reached Spain, and in consequence of their reports, mariners were sent out by Henry II., of Castile, to re-discover the island, which is now known as Madeira.

CONTENT.—Were a man to deny himself the pleasure of walking, because he is restricted from the privilege of flying and refuses his dinner, because it was not ushered in on a service of plate, should we not be more inclined to ridicule, than to pity him? and yet we are all of us more or less guilty of similar absurdities, the moment we deny ourselves pleasures that are present, and within our reach, either from a vain repining after those that must never return, or from as vain an aspiring after those that may never arrive. LACON.

A good habit is a labor-saving instrument.

THE TIME IS SHORT.

I sometimes feel the thread of life is slender,
And soon with me the labor will be wrought;
Then grows my heart to other hearts more tender.
The time is short.

A shepherd's tent of reeds and flowers decaying;
That night winds soon will crumble into naught;
So seems my life, for some rude blast delaying.
The time is short.

Up, up, my soul, the long-spent time redeeming;
Sow thou the seeds of better deed and thought;
Light other lamps, while yet thy light is beaming
The time is short.

Think of the good thou might have done, when brightly
The suns to thee life's choicest seasons brought;
Hours lost to God, in pleasures passing lightly.
The time is short.

The time is short. Then be thy heart a brother's
To every heart that needs thy help in aught;
Soon thou may need the sympathy of others.
The time is short.

If thou hast friends, give them thy best endeavor,
Thy warmest impulses, and thy purest thought;
Keeping in mind, in word and action, ever,
The time is short.

Where summer winds, aroma-laden, hover,
Companions rest; their work forever wrought,
Soon other graves the moss and fern will cover!
The time is short.

Up, up, my soul! ere yet the shadow falleth;
Some good return in latter seasons wrought;
Forget thyself, when duty angels calleth.
The time is short.

By all the lapses thou hast been forgiven,
By all the lessons prayer to thee hath taught,
To others teach the sympathies of Heaven.
The time is short.

ÆSTHETIC DRESS.

THE Æsthetics in London mustered in force on their great field day—that of the private view of the Grosvenor Gallery. The first sight of the confused and motley throng seemed to indicate that the new æsthetic opera had provided them with fresh hints of strange get-ups. A closer inspection showed that, if a few figures boldly carried out the creed to its utmost limits of eccentricity, the majority, while making concessions to the zeal for originality in dress at any cost, yet kept within certain discreet bounds of loyalty to the prevailing fashions. There were some costumes that suggested those of shepherds in ample, bright-toned smock frocks; others those of pilgrims in loose mantles and battered hats. Some ladies in small toques and black sleeveless cloaks might have passed for young undergraduates bent upon collegiate duties; while a few wore raiment that appeared elaborately studied from pictures by the old masters. All alike confronted the multitude with the unconsciousness of *habitues* at fancy balls. Poets, dramatists, musicians, and novelists, grave essayists and critics, well-known editors and brilliant members of their staff, popular actors and actresses, and some well-known characters who apparently take up life from an entirely theatrical point of view—all were present. The artistic world was, as is natural, largely represented.

A triumph of æsthetic dressing was the costume worn by a slender maiden. It consisted of pale green serge or light cloth, the bodice cut square, fastened at the bust by heavy silver clasps, and bordered with a band of stamped velvet of the same shade as the stuff; the long skirt was gathered up by two chains of steel, the first placed a little below the waist, the lower and larger reached sideways below the knee; to it was attached a wide square bag or pocket of stamped velvet. The sleeves were puffed, and a guimpe of plain muslin, edged with a silver thread, rose from the square cut bodice to the throat. The headgear suitable to these elaborate get-ups is always the most difficult point to settle. In this instance it consisted of a small bonnet, or rather cap, of brown straw, flattened over the forehead and tied behind the left ear by short brown strings; through the knot a pearl brooch in the form of an arrow was placed. A contrast to this semi-Florentine, semi-Greek costume was one that, in all its simplicity, had, we suspect, cost the wearer not a jot less thought to devise. It was marked by a certain poetic whimsicality of coloring—a fresh dark green, trimmed with bright deep blue, bringing to mind the effect of midsummer foliage in shade, mingling with purple hyacinths. The make was remarkable—a short, full mantle, bulged out all round in a number of small plaits, fastened to a yoke collar; the armholes were lined with blue; the short skirt, unadorned by flounce or frilling, fell in straight folds to the ankles; a wide long blue sash was fastened behind. The hat was a broad-leaved white straw, round the crown of which was twisted a coil of green and pale pink ribbon. Another costume was of brighter, yellower green, also unadorned by trimming; the hat, trimmed with roses, was lined with pink gauze; a subtle rose of color was introduced by the corner of the pink silk handkerchief showing from the pocket. An olive-green plush dress, relieved by a wide gold necklet round the throat, the head shaded by a large black hat, was a handsome costume, sufficiently æsthetic. Various shades of terra-cotta were much affected by the votaries of artistic dressing. Two ample pelisses of a cinnamon hue, the dress of the same color, without any relief of darker tinting, were very conspicuous notes of color in the show. A pretty combination was an arrangement of pink terra cotta and its brown red shade; the cape reddish brown; the small muff pink and brown, in which gold-colored chrysanthemums were placed; the small brown hat had a cluster of the same yellow flowers. Here a young girl was clad in a loose sand-colored flannel cloak and dress, and pointed felt hat; had cockle shells been sown on the garment and a staff been in the hand, the fair damsel might well have been a gentle palmer returning from the Crusades. There was a figure Albert Durer might have painted, clad in sombre velvet, austerely simple, with sleeves vastly puffed; a string of beads, shaped and of the color of olives, clasped the throat; the bonnet, poked before and behind, somewhat resembled the fashion of Britannia's helmet on the reverse of our coins. Further off we came upon a costume that puzzled us, as to whether its wearer was a young lad or maid in a collegiate gown. The black velvet cap was posed slightly on one side; the figure was enveloped in a black cloth sleeveless mantle, with a deep velvet collar; the only touch of color introduced was a necktie of yellow silk. Among the costumes that, keeping in view the fashion of the day, yet adapted themselves to the claims of originality, we noticed a pretty pelisse of black figured velvet, the sleeves and collar lined with gold-colored satin. What was seen of the short walking dress below was gold-colored satin; the yellow straw hat was lined with gold-colored gauze, and trimmed with a wreath of pink and tea roses. The dresses of our simply fashionable dames were not often visible, owing to the long black satin cloaks they affected; these were either of the more ample Mother Hubbard and Dolman shape, or the narrower, more compact "Directoire" pelisse. The bonnets were adorned with flowers, placed in garlands, or sometimes a single full-blown rose was set low on one side. A pretty bonnet was wreathed with gardenias, another with gleaming red currants, that seemed new plucked from the bush. The hats were large, and much trimmed with flowers or feathers. Gold passementerie, sheeny with many tinted beads, trimmed many handsome dresses and mantles. A well-known lady was enveloped in a long black satin cloak, richly trimmed with lace and thick gold-beaded passementerie; her short walking dress was of black velvet; her small black lace bonnet was wreathed with a diadem of dim green leaves. Another handsome costume was of olive-green satin, richly braided with gold; the bonnet brightened with red; red flowers pinned near the throat. There were not a few dresses composed of satin and brocaded silk, some of strong contrasting hues; others of different shades of the same color. One was of violet satin and gold brocade; another of dark blue, with every tint of blue introduced in the trimming.

Grains of Gold.

We see the faults of others, but are blind to our own.

Make life a ministry of love, and it will always be worth living.

Mere surface culture is as thriftless in education as in agriculture.

Self-interest has often a great share in the advice which we give to others.

The tongue of the wise is in his heart. The heart of the fool is in his mouth.

He that hath care of keeping days of payment, is lord of another man's purse.

In others men often condemn what they themselves practice without any scruple.

Elegance of language may not be in the power of us all, but simplicity and straightforwardness are

Straining is the most extravagant kind of labor; it uses up a man's forces and unfits him for further effort.

Moral strength is the highest kind of wealth, and inward purity the richest fountain of peace and joy.

Nothing is more common than to philosophise about virtue, and act oppositely when occasion presents itself.

If we would be strong, let us bear in silence, for in silence we not only grow strong, but also test our strength.

We may concede my man a right without doing any man a wrong, but we can favor no one without injuring some one.

The greatest evils in life have had their rise from something which was thought of far too little importance to be attended to.

The only way to shine is to be modest and unassuming. Falsehood may be a thick crust; but in course of time truth will find a place to break through.

We should choose our books as we would our companions, for their sterling and intrinsic merit, not for their adscititious or accidental advantages.

The three great apostles of practical atheism, that make converts without persecuting, and retain them without preaching, are wealth, health and power.

No information however important, no knowledge however useful, is worth anything compared with the habit of continuous application and patient effort.

All that is noble and heroic in humanity, all the self-denial and generosity which make life beautiful, have their root in the family, and in its soil are best cultivated.

A good rule of life was Job's: "My heart shall not reproach me so long as I live." I will at no time, and in no situation, allow myself in that which I suspect to be wrong.

So far from persistence being an associate of weakness and interiority, it is itself a power which underlies and upholds all other, and without which they could never develop into value or efficiency.

Our vanity often inclines us to impute only our successes to causes personal, and strictly confined to ourselves, when, nevertheless, the effects may have been removed from the supposed cause, far as the poles asunder.

Slander cannot make the subject of it either better or worse; it may represent us in a false light, or place a likeness of us in a bad one, but we are the same. Not so the slanderer; for calumny always makes the calumniator worse, but the calumniated—never.

The maelstrom attracts more notice than the quiet fountain; a comet draws more attention than the steady star; but it is better to be the fountain than the maelstrom, the star than the comet, following out the sphere and orbit of quiet usefulness in which we are placed.

A Physician's Report

Many physicians are using Compound Oxygen in their practice, and with remarkable success. One of them writes: "My patient has now been under treatment for about four weeks. His condition at the time of beginning the treatment was very unfavorable, indeed; he was very feeble, severe cough, expectorating pus in considerable quantity; he suffered with night-sweats; all of his friends considered his case as hopeless. Every symptom has improved; his cough is very much better; his strength and general appearance has improved a hundred per cent.; in fact, he has the appearance of a new man." Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, containing large reports of cases and full information, sent free. Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Reminiscences.

An Illinois girl has bought a city omnibus line.

The woman who dyes her hair wants to keep it dark.

Trained skirts are worn by married or matronly women.

Tennessee boasts of a woman with a beard fourteen inches long.

An American living in Paris has paid $1 400 for a fan for his wife, and $4 000 for a gown.

There is a German woman in Indiana who dresses in man's clothes and goes out as a day laborer.

Governess: "What is the future of the verb 'to love,' Mary?" Pupil, after a pause: "To marry."

If you cannot inspire a woman with love of you, fill her above the brim with love of herself—and it runs over will be yours

A tall woman is the most delightful of her sex. The longer you have a good thing the more attached to it you naturally become.

An Iowa minister has adopted a scale of prices for marrying. He charges four cents a pound for the groom and two cents for the bride as his wedding fee.

Every young man who communes with nature in solitude, longs for the presence of somebody's sister that he may tell her what a beautiful thing solitude is.

Chicago ladie have organized what they call tramp clubs, and make long pedestrian excursions into the surrounding country, sometimes walking twenty miles and over.

A Western paper wickedly suggests that "the next time the national woman suffrage association meets it should discuss the reasons why Satin deprived Job of everything except his wife."

Housecleaning means for the women to tie towels around their heads and run the men into the street without any breakfast every morning for a week or so, while they break lamps and spill whitewash on the stairs.

Sweet agony—A very sweet agony is for a young lady to secure a miniature broad sword and forward it to her best gentleman friend. This does not signify a direct cut. It is the old story—"No knife can cut our love in twain."

Advice to girls: Remember, also, that a pretty hand is one of woman's chiefest charms. Never assist your mother in her household duties. It doesn't so much matter how her hand is sprawled out by hard work. She is out of the market.

Boston girls are very proper. When a young man was assisting a South End lass to tie on her bonnet, which, by the way, failed to be tied at the back of the neck, she insisted that he should stand in front of her, so she could keep her eye on him.

At the police headquarters in Paris a very mature lady is called up as a witness. The President—"Your age?" The lady, with hesitation—"Thirty-nine years, sir." The President, benevolently—"Have a little courage, my dear lady—go on."

"Ned," she said to him pensively, in a tone implying total lack of confidence in herself, "I don't think I can ever be to you what your first wife was." "Great Cæsar, Mary," was the enthusiastic response. "if I thought that I'd marry you to-morrow."

They had just been married. He seized her hand and said, in a low, tremulous voice: "It was your infinite modesty and apparent indifference, dearest Sallie, that made me register a vow to marry you at all hazards." "Yes," she sighed, "but I slipped up on three or four of the most eligible young men in town before I found that out."

Mrs. Griddle says there isn't a particle of scientific ambition in any of her boarders. For weeks there have been published accounts of successful fasters in every part of the country, and she has had the papers left around where they could be read, but not a man has had the spirit to see his opportunity. She doesn't mind the victuals so much, but she "despises" to see how science is neglected.

Some little time ago a gold-digger's wife sued for a divorce on the ground of cruelty—her husband would not buy her gloves. But the District Court decided that coverings for the hands were not "necessaries" for the spouse of a man who habitually fried bacon on a shovel, mended his clothes with old flour-sacks, and ate his pork and beans out of the lid of the tin kettle in which he boiled his tea.

An Eastern woman who does want to vote said in a recent address: I predict that when the long-deferred day of destiny does arrive—when we odious, uproarious, masculine, sharp-shooting, strong-minded women do come into our kingdom—the woman who doesn't want to vote will put on her seal skin and feathers, her paint and powder, take her little lapdog and waltz down to the polls and put in her little ballot, all the while declaring that she thinks voting is "just too sweet for anything."

It is remarkable what little bites a woman takes when eating in the presence of a sweetheart. What a little mouth she has then! She nibbles with her little white teeth like some dainty squirrel eating a hickory nut. But wait until washday comes. Watch her when she goes to hang up clothes and gets in a hurry. By the time that she gets the big ends of fifteen clothes pins hid in that mouth you will begin to think that it is a pretty good sized, hearty mouth after all.

An Eastern editor says that a man in New York got himself into trouble by marrying two wives. A Western editor replies by assuring this contemporary that a good many men in that section have done the same thing by marrying one. A Northern editor retorts that quite a number of his acquaintances found trouble enough by merely promising to marry without going any further. A Southern editor says that a friend of his was bothered enough by simply being found in company with another man's wife.

A wonderful woman: Amiable husband (who has just finished moving): "Where are my slippers, dear?" Wife: "They came along with the third load, and that load went to the garret." Husband: "And where is my pipe?" Wife: "You'll find it in one of the barrels of crockery in the cellar." Husband: "And where is my comb and hair-brush?" Wife: "Jane packed them in the kitchen stove with the children's shoes." Husband (mentally soliloquizing): "What a woman my wife is! She never went to college and yet she knows everything."

News Notes.

The word good-bye means God be with you.

Measles are prevalent among the British aristocracy.

San Francisco people are eating cherries and berries.

An Indiana revivalist gives a chromo to every convert.

It is estimated that there are now 10,000 Americans in Rome.

The married ladies this season in London carry away the palm of beauty.

Some of the latest parasols are covered with successive rows of narrow lace.

When the Prince of Wales is absent from London the fashionable season is dull.

The reign of the daffodil is over in London, and the fashionable flower now is the tulip.

The inventor of lawn tennis is to receive a testimonial from the English players of that game.

It is known that Washington was rejected by one lady before he courted the Widow Curtis.

A pair of confiding robins have built their nest in a window of a public school in Rochester.

The Princess Louise is a large stockholder in a $500 000 hotel which is being erected in Quebec.

Mahogany for dining rooms and bedrooms, oak for libraries, and ebony for parlors, is the latest.

A little girl in Canada was so badly frightened in a storm that what is regarded as permanent idiocy has resulted.

The German government has ordered the expulsion of Mormon missionaries, who have been endeavoring to make proselytes there.

The chase and capture of a butterfly caused considerable interest in Virginia City a few days since. A butterfly is a curiosity there

Efforts are being made in New Hampshire to change the divorce laws, that divorces may be made much more difficult of attainment.

It is estimated that three million dollars were paid for flowers in New York City in 1880, about one third of that amount being for rose buds.

The last new thing is a flower-fan instead of a bouquet. The frame is covered with moss on either side, and in this are fastened delicate flowers.

Ex President Andrew Johnson's estate is valued at one hundred thousand dollars, and his heirs are now at law over the distribution of the property.

The New York Legislature has done one good thing. It has passed a law requiring employers to provide women in their employment with seats.

A letter mailed in New York City last Christmas, as the postmark showed, did not reach its destination in the same State until one day last week.

It is a singular coincidence that the inventor of the electric telegraph, and the inventor of the telephone, should each have a deaf mute for a wife.

It was because his house was assessed at too high a rate for local taxation that Prince Bismarck threatened to remove the seat of Government from Berlin.

Jay Gould cuts a wide swath financially. He testified in court the other day that he controlled 32 000 miles of railroad, and recently gave his check for $10 000 000.

A Maine jeweler has been made seriously ill by inhaling the dust from an old clock which he was repairing. Paris green had been put in the clock to kill bugs.

Bridgewater in England must be a healthy town, judging from the fact that there are no fewer than 120 paupers in the poorhouse whose ages range from 88 to 97.

A St. Louis man deferred his suicide until he could have some mourning paper exquisitely printed with his monogram, so that he could write his farewell letter in good style.

The famous author Irving's house in New York is exactly as he left it when he died. The pen and papers on his desk remain as they were when he arranged them for the last time.

A new sect of Adventists have sprung up in Indiana. They are called Soul Sleepers, and believe that the body sleeps till the resurrection, the soul being in a state of quiescence till that time.

Reports from Russia describe poor Queen Dagmar as sitting speechless and unmoved, as though neither seeing nor hearing anything, and looking more like a corpse than a human being. She cannot get over her fear of the Nihilists.

An ice man in a Massachusetts town gave as an excuse for neglecting to make his customary call at a house, that the swallows were so numerous and flew so low he was afraid to drive down the lane lest he should run over a number of them.

A bald headed eagle was caught by three boys a few evenings ago near the Delaware Western Railroad bridge, at Wilmington. The bird was engaged in combat with a Newfoundland dog, and was endeavoring to carry it off in its talons.

Mackay, the bonanza man, recently received a letter in which the writer asked him to furnish one hundred million dollars with which to buy all the goats in the world. The writer thought a "corner" in goats would make him both rich.

Half of the junior class of the Indiana State University have left the institution because a Professor would not permit them to go out, in the midst of a recitation, to fight the sophomores, who had captured their hats, and were rending them in pieces under the windows.

Sophie Perowska, the executed Nihilist, has been elevated into a sort of saint. She is worshipped as a martyr, and the Nihilist faithful reward the clothes she wore and the ringlets which were cut from her head as so many precious relics. These objects have been distributed as talismans among the leaders of the Nihilist party.

New Publications.

"Rosecroft" is called by its author "a story of common places and common people." It is a story, the chief recommendation of which after its highly moral tone, are the two or three very typical Yankee characters which it introduces. There is a flinty, middle-aged professor, who has a charming young daughter who has lost her eyesight in sitting up and reading to him; and there is a young man, David Burns by name, who loves her, and whom she loves in return. There is also a high-spirited woman of nineteen, who has strong-minded notions about the duty of her sex. She is on the point of going into partnership with the flinty professor to ameliorate the condition of the blind, when small-pox breaks out in the village, and she finds that the duty which lies nearest one is the duty to be done. The story ends up prettily, the blind girl being restored to sight, and a double marriage ending the book. Lee & Shepard, publishers, Boston.

"The Gentleman" is the somewhat singular title of a new and interesting novel just out. The book is anonymous, and deals mainly with the adventures of five Boston girls the summer after their graduation from a fashionable female college. All the pleasanter emotions have opportunity to display themselves in its pages, and in its life phases it may be taken as a fairly correct sketch of the ways and doings of Boston young ladies of wealth and position. For warm weather reading it may be recommended. Henry V. Sumner & Co., publishers, Chicago.

Messrs. Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co. publish a companion to the Revised Version of the New Testament, explaining the reasons of the changes made in the authorized version, by Alex Roberts, D D., member of the English New Testament Co., with supplement by a member of the American Committee of Revision. It will be found very useful to clergymen and other students of the New Revision, giving as it does the reasons for many of the changes which have been made. Received from James Hammond, 1238 Chestnut St., this city.

"The School of Life," by W. R. Alger, is a philosophical little work, very gracefully written, and abounding in worldly wisdom. Taking the earth as a schoolhouse, and nations as rooms, Mr. Alger discourses pleasingly and attractively through some two hundred pages to those beginning life, and lays down an admirable code for them to follow. The book may be read with both profit and gratification. Published by Messrs. Roberts Bros. For sale by Lippincott & Co., this city. Price, $1 00

"A Question," by George Ebers, is an idyl suggested by a picture painted by his friend, Alma Tadema. The locale is Sicily, and the period that of the antiquity when Greek manners and method of thought prevailed there. The story is very simple in motive, but is made very attractive by its sustained descriptions, its conversations, and its pictures of character. The book is thoroughly charming, and is so refined in its essence as to recommend it to every reader of taste and cultivation. Published by W. S Gottsberger. Received from Claxton & Co.

"Random Rambles," by Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, is a clever book written by a clever woman. It represents her impressions of sundry wanderings abroad, and as her opportunities to see were generally what is called 'superior,' her jottings have some value. Taken entirely, it is very pleasant and readable. From Lippincott & Co.

"Life Thoughts for Young Men" is the title of a handsome volume by M. Rhodes, D D., of St. Louis. The book is appropriately named, as it presents living thoughts on living subjects, which are of the highest importance and value to those for whose benefit specially they are published. We can think of no more appropriate or useful present to a young man than this "Life Thoughts." Received from Lutheran Publishing House, 42 N. Ninth Street, this city.

Another new book, sent from the same house, is "Recognition in Heaven," the same author. This theme is handled in a scriptural and most eloquent manner. It is a theme that often presents itself to sinner as well as saint, and this little book will satisfactorily answer the inquiring, and console the sorrowing. It is altogether a book of consolation, full of light and feeling.

"A Lesson in Love" is the second novel of the "Round Robin" series. It is very nicely written, flows on smoothly in its narrative, has much of the sympathetic quality, and will furnish entertainment for the coming summer season as well as any book of its kind we have lately seen. It is unpretentious, but thoroughly enjoyable. The binding of this series is very quaint and pretty. Good & Co., publishers. For sale by Lippincott.

The American Book Exchange, 764 Broadway, New York, is out with its edition of the revised Testament. The prices are as follows: The new Testament complete, 10 cents the Gospels complete, 7 cents; the Gospels separately, each 2 cents; and in other styles up to full Turkey Morocco, gilt edges, for $1 20

MAGAZINES.

The Westminster Review for the last quarter, in the Leonard Scott Company's reprint, has this table of contents: "Kant's Moral Philosophy;" "Lord Campbell's Memoirs;" "The Origin of Religion;" "The Persian Empire—England and Russia in the East;" "Electoral Reform, Electoral Bribery, the Ballot;" "Thomas Carlyle—His Life and Writings;" "Should University Degrees be Given to Women?" "East Indian Currency and Exchange;" "India and Our Colonial Empire," Contemporary Literature. For sale by W. B. Zieber, of this city.

Blackwood's Magazine has an excellent variety in its table of contents, which includes an essay on "The Sword," "A French Speculation," a story; "Short Service and its Supporters;" "The Private Secretary"—Part VII; "Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle," in the Autobiographies series; "Mr Gladstone's Eleventh Budget;" "True Magic," a poem addressed to W. W. Story; "A New Nostrum for Ireland," and a tribute to the Earl of Beaconsfield. Republished by the Leonard Scott Company, and for sale by W. B. Zieber.

The inhabitants of many rural villages, seeing the birds and blossoms, and expecting from the warm weather that summer boarders will soon approach, have dropped the old-fashioned winter names of villages, and have put on the summer ones. Frog Hollow is again talked of by its summer railway-station name of Angelica; Swamp Meadows as Chorus Shades; Washtub Run becomes Silver Creek; Skunk's Misery is regarded as Bloomberch, and Dreary Point takes to as its warm weather style of Zephyronica.

It is the same in a piano keyboard as in life. The sharps and flats usurp the higher places, while the common notes, like common folk, take a modester places.

HOUSE-CLEANING.

I hear the carpet-beaters strike,
I see the dusty carpet smoke;
I hear the swash of brush and pail,
And soap-suds taint the summer gale.

The front piazza open spreads
A view of chairs and feather-beds;
While on the line hang coat and pants,
Which tempests toss in fiendish dance.

Through open windows, robbed of sash,
The crazy curtains flap and lash;
The chamber window sports a dress—
Pathetic signal of distress.

High o'er the din a woman's voice
In merry cadence doth rejoice,
Bare-armed, disheveled, 'midst the noise—
Behold the partner of our joys.

Thrice happy then the chap who can
Be gone a week to "see a man;"
Nor prematurely homeward hie,
But give the whitewash time to dry.

"O woman! in our hours of ease,"
We never dreamed of pranks like these;
These cleaning spells have come, do doubt,
E'er since Eve cleaned old Adam out.

—A. T. P. OMBRE

Humorous.

What did he mean when he wrote: "Watchman, tell us of the night?" As if the watchman or policeman knew of anything that occurred after dark!

It is quite common to read a paragraph like this: "A thunder storm passed over the city to-day." One that passed under the city would be something new, and worth mentioning.

"Grass butter" was advertised in the windows, and he said: "When will they stop giving us grass butter, oleomargarine, and such stuff, when we want to buy real cow's butter?"

"How things do grow this weather," said the deacon. "Yes, they do," replied the brother. "Last night I heard you say you caught forty fish, and this morning I heard you tell Mr. Smith it was 150."

The following is a specimen leaf from a French pocket dictionary of the future. You turn to the word "assassination," you find "See mother-in-law,' you read, "See attenuating circumstances."

The first poetic "fragment" commenced in these words: "I sipped the nectar of her lips; I sipped and hovered o'er her." And the last part was as follows: "Her father's hoof flash'd on the scene; I'm wiser now, and sorer."

"Henry," said his wife, with chilling severity, "I saw you coming out of a saloon this afternoon." "Well, my darling," replied the heartless man, "you wouldn't have your husband staying in a saloon the whole blessed day, would you?"

When a married man in Southwark was surprised by his wife with his arms around the pretty servant girl, a few evenings since, he rushed out of the house and had his hair shaved close to the skull, with a horse-clipper. He said he wanted to save the roots, anyhow.

"Enquirer" asks: "When you hear a dog howl at night, what is it a sign of?" It's a sign that the folks in the neighborhood are swearing a good deal, and that pretty soon a bald-headed man will look out of a window and throw a boot-jack and yell, "Darn yer pelt, get out!"

A Richmond physician says that if people will take a bath in hot whisky and rock-salt twice a year, they will escape rheumatism and colds. What a wicked waste of rock and rye that would be, to say nothing of the principle involved. The idea of reducing whisky to the social status of water—mere bathing fluid.

At the dance, the other evening, he was introduced to a very becoming Miss, and so, of course, was doing his best to merit his good luck. Feeling a sudden indisposition, he excused himself for a minute, and, on returning, was in the act of removing a few kernels of coffee from his vest-pocket, when the damsel astonished him by saying: "Don't chew that; I had rather smell the new rum." He didn't apologize."

The Duke of Nemours once sent his steward to call upon an artist, on whom he wished to confer a snuff-box as a mark of his approbation, to ascertain if such a present would be acceptable. The offer was received with enthusiasm. "Where shall I send it?" inquired the envoy. "Oh, if you will be kind enough," replied the grateful artist, "to pawn it on the way, you can just let me have the money."

The foresight of the gentleman who, having made a picture, wrote under it, for the information of all whom it might concern, the words, 'This is a horse," cannot be too much commended. A certain ambitious artist had painted a string of trout, and was justly proud of his achievement. A lady and her young dang ter came into his studio, and while the former inspected some drawings, the latter wandered about at her own sweet will. Suddenly she exclaimed, "Oh, ma, do look at this beautiful bunch of bananas!" The artist looked, too; alas, it was the trout picture which had called out the exclamation.

A traveler in Germany speaks of a certain kind of sausage the like of which never was seen in the earth Bologna in the heavens above.

"I'm only going down to the corner," he said to his wife; and when he had been to the corner a couple of hours he came back well "corned."

As a proof that hens have a delicate esthetic sense, it is remarked that they always seem to wipe their feet when they enter a flower garden.

A little five-year-old, hearing his father say that a certain man was unable to "keep the wolf from the door," wanted to know why the man didn't shoot it.

When a newspaper man put on his last year's white vest he found a roll of bills in one of the pockets, amounting to about $150, which he had forgotten. P. S—None of them were receipted.

Thousands of women have been entirely cured of the most stubborn cases of female weakness by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets.

An Old Doctor's Advice.

It was this: "Trust in God and keep your bowels open." For this purpose many an old doctor has advised the habitually costive to take Kidney-Wort—for no other remedy so effectually overcomes this condition and that without the distress and griping which other medicines cause. It is a radical cure for piles. Don't fail to use it.—Translated from the New Yorker Zeitung.

Important,

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 650 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages, and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.—Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for a circular. Madame Wambold, 24 Sawyer street, Boston, Mass.

A natural healthful bloom for the cheeks and softness of the hands is attained by the use of Pearl's White Glycerine, and P. W. G. Soap.

When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

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Against the contingency of illness by taking with him Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, has occasion to congratulate himself on his foresight, when he sees others who have neglected to do so suffering from some one of the maladies for which it is a remedy and preventive. Among these are fever and ague, biliousness, constipation and rheumatism, diseases often attendant upon a change of climate or unwonted diet.

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A certain remedy for DISEASES of the KIDNEYS, NERVOUS DEBILITY, IMPOTENCY, WEAKNESS, and all derangements arising from sickness or indiscretions. They will cure when every other means have failed. They are the only remedies that will positively cure these complaints without the use of medicine. Send for illustrated pamphlet and give a brief statement of your case, and our Medical Electrician will advise you. Address Electric Appliance Company, 2 Bond Street, New York.

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THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER,
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SCROFULA OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,
SETTLED IN THE
Lungs or Stomach, Skin or Bones, Fleshy or Nerves,
CORRUPTING THE SOLIDS AND VITIATING THE FLUIDS.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, Tic Doloreux, White Swellings, Tumors, Ulcers, Skin and Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female complaints, Goat, Dropsy, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption,

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Not only does the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney and Bladder Complaints,

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Dropsy, Diabetes, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins. Sold by druggists. PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

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One bottle contains more of the active principles of Medicine than any other Preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful doses while others require five or six times as much.

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DYSENTERY,
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FEVER AND AGUE,
CURED AND PREVENTED

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SORE THROAT,
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RELIEVED IN A FEW MINUTES

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Looseness, Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or painful discharges from the bowels are stopped in fifteen or twenty minutes by taking Radway's Ready Relief. No congestion or inflammation, no weakness or lassitude, will follow the use of the R. R. Relief.

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For headache, whether sick or nervous; Nervousness and Sleeplessness, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys; pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints, pains in the bowels, heartburn and pains of all kinds, Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

PRICE, 50c. PER BOTTLE.

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Perfect Purgatives, Soothing Aperients, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable and Natural in their Operation.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL—Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen,

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☞ A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system from all the above-named disorders

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Read "False and True."

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Scooped in—All grades of sugar.

Capital exercise—Turning over money.

A cheap and popular watering-place—The town pump.

A good question to ask a letter-carrier: "Does your mother know your route?"

Put boys at work, and see how they'll play. Set them at play, and see how they'll work.

"I'm mashed on you," remarked the mosquito to the young lady, as she struck it with her hand.

Clocks that have stopped, by misrepresenting the time, become paradoxes; they stand and lie simultaneously.

Aminidab being advised to lay by something for a rainy day, remarked that he should consider the kitchen stove a good thing to lay by on a rainy day.

He had been telling her stories of himself, and had done a great amount of bragging; when he had finished, she kissed him, and murmured: "This is a kiss for a blow."

Mrs Psindame, after looking long and carefully at a plaster cast of Shakespeare, remarked: "Poor man! How pale he was! He couldn't have been well when it was taken."

A woman pianist who plays with only one hand is just now the talk of Paris. If we remember rightly, the Italian organist plays with one hand. The Italian has a wonderful turn for music.

"I put outside my window a large box filled with mould, and sowed it with seed. What do you think came up?" "Wheat, barley, or oats?" "No—a policeman, who ordered me to remove it."

A Kentucky gentleman stole four hives of bees, carried them several miles, and did not get stung once; but if an honest man had gone within ten feet of the bees he would have been stung fifty times.

A servant girl was given some macaroni by her mistress to prepare for the table. Noticing her surprise, the old lady said: "Didn't you cook macaroni at your last place?" "Cook it, is it? We used them things to light the gas with."

If you are sick, Read

the Kidney-Wort advertisement in another column, and it will explain to you the rational method of getting well. Kidney-Wort will save you more doctor's bills than any other medicine known. Acting with specific energy on the kidneys and liver, it cures the worst cases caused by their derangement. Use it at once. In dry and liquid form. Either is equally efficient, the liquid is the easier, but the dry is the most economical.—Interior.

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DOES WONDERFUL CURES! WHY?

Because it acts on the LIVER, BOWELS and KIDNEYS at the same time.

Because it cleanses the system of the poisonous humors that develope in Kidney and Urinary Diseases, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Piles, or in Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervous Disorders and Female Complaints.

SEE WHAT PEOPLE SAY:

Eugene R. Stork, of Junction City, Kansas, says, Kidney-Wort cured him after regular Physicians had been trying for four years.

Mrs. John Arnall, of Washington, Ohio, says her boy was given up to die by four prominent physicians and that he was afterwards cured by Kidney-Wort.

M. M. B. Goodwin, an editor in Chardon, Ohio, says he was not expected to live, being bloated beyond belief, but Kidney-Wort cured him.

Anna L. Jarrett of South Salem, N. Y., says that seven years suffering from kidney troubles and other complications was ended by the use of Kidney-Wort.

John B. Lawrence of Jackson, Tenn., suffered for years from liver and kidney troubles and after taking "barrels of other medicines," Kidney-Wort made him well.

Michael Cleo of Montgomery Center, Vt., suffered eight years with kidney difficulty and was unable to work. Kidney-Wort made him "well as ever."

KIDNEY-WORT

PERMANENTLY CURES KIDNEY DISEASES, LIVER COMPLAINTS, Constipation and Piles.

It is put up in Dry Vegetable Form in tin cans, one package of which makes six quarts of medicine. Also in Liquid Form, very Concentrated, for those that cannot readily prepare it.

It acts with equal efficiency in either form.

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Is a Positive Cure

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It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

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False Mustaches made of genuine hair. Can be put on or off instantly. Lots of fun at the sudden change. Three colors, light, dark brown and black. MUSTACHES by mail 10 CTS., 3 for 25 CTS. GOATEES TO MATCH 15 CTS. EACH. Prof. Heller's Magical Trick Cards 10 cts. Trick Cigarette Case 15 cts. Re-inked Tobacco Box 25 cts. Surprise Needle Watch Charm 30 cts. New Wooden Bird call 10 cts. Mechanical Grasshopper jumps 20 feet high 10 cents. Young's Great Book of 400 Secrets or how to make $20 a day without capital 50 cts. Perfect Etiquette or how to behave in society 50 cts. Gents Perfect Letter Writer 50 cts. Ladies' perfect Letter Writer 50 cts. Selections for Autograph Albums 50 cts. Secrets of Ancient and Modern Magic 25 cts. Old Gypsey Madge's Fortune Teller 25 cts. Mystery of Love Making Solved 25 cts. Home Owners Guide 25 cts. Secrets of Moth for Fussy Fellows 15 cts. Showman's Guide 15 cts. Our Knowledge Box or old Secrets and New Discoveries 25 cts. Nickel Plated 7 Shot Revolvers $1.00 best in the market. Watches best and cheapest in the world. A Watch free to those who become our agents. Send a trial order. Postage Stamps taken.

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During the past year, we have had many inquiries for a Stem Winding and Stem Setting Watch, one that could be relied upon as a good time-keeper, sufficiently attractive in appearance for any gentleman to carry, and that we could sell at a price low enough to come within the reach of those whose duties compel them to carry a correct time-keeper, but whose circumstances will not admit of their purchasing a high priced watch. After going over the whole field of American Manufacture, and finding nothing that would "fill the bill" in every respect, for time-keeping qualities, for appearance, and in price, we concluded to look over the foreign markets and see if something could not be found that would answer the purpose. We therefore sent a member of our firm to Europe to look up the watch business. He visited England, France, Germany, and Switzerland, and in Switzerland, rightly named the "Paradise of watch makers," found just what we wanted, a fine Stem Winding Watch, Jewelled Movement (fully equal to those put up in Gold Cases, and sold in this Country at $100 and $125). By giving a large order, we got the price reduced sufficiently low, so that we could use them in our trade. The next step was to find the right kind of case for the new watch, and armed with a letter of introduction to Professor Leuchfeld of Switzerland (the discoverer and only manufacturer of the celebrated metal known as Aluminum Gold), an interview was obtained. Specimens of the metal were examined, and also numerous articles manufactured therefrom. The resemblance to Gold was marvelous. The Professor exhibited with much pride two royal prize medals awarded at the Great International Expositions held at Paris for the general resemblance of the metal to gold; for its adaptability for the manufacture of useful and ornamental articles; and also for its lasting brilliancy.

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Columbus, O., April 10, 1881.

WORLD MANUFACTURING CO., 122 Nassau Street, New York.

Gents:—The Stem Winding Watch you sent me was splendid. Please send me two more of the same style, also one Imitation Gold Watch, Gent's; also one Lady's Imitation Gold Watch and Chain.

Respectfully, Samuel Ready, 116 E. High St.

WORLD MANUFACTURING CO. Office Adams Express Co., Williamson, Va., April 14, 1881.

Gentlemen:—Watch received and more than pleased with it. I have sold it for $10.00 to a R. R. man. Please send me another at once of the same pattern, and Chain also, and oblige W. B. Burks.

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Gives a Permanently BEAUTIFUL Complexion.

PEARL'S WHITE GLYCERINE penetrates the skin without injury, eradicates all spots, impurities and discolorations, either within or upon the skin, leaving it smooth, soft, pliable. For Sunburn, Prickly Heat, Chapped, Rough or Chafed Skin, it is the best thing in the world. TRY Pearl's White Glycerine Soap. Sent by mail 50c. Pearl's White Glycerine Co. Prop'r Jersey City, N. J. Sold by all Druggists.

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MADAME BOIVIN'S PILLS FOR LADIES are a prompt and reliable remedy for regulating all derangements, curing Weaknesses, Inflammations, dragging pains, backache, headache, nervousness, irritable bladder, leucorrhœa, and all derangements originating in more rural troubles. Prepared from the prescription that made the name of Boivin celebrated throughout all Europe. Nine-tenths of all the ailments these pills will cure. Sent postpaid for $1 per box. BOIVIN MEDICINE CO., Box 439, Buffalo, N. Y., Sole American agents.

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Lady Agents Wanted.—We want intelligent energetic Lady agents to sell to WOMEN ONLY, an article of real hygienic merit. For particulars and liberal terms address WAGNER & CO., Chicago, Ill.

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OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till Cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

50 Cards latest designs, Bluebells, Ferns, Horse shoe Chromo &c. 10c. Branford Pr'g Co. Branford, Ct

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION NOTES.

THERE is no reason to complain of want of toleration in the matter of the toilette this season, for although not entirely freed from all rules, ladies still find scope for the exercise of their own taste and individuality in the combinations of different materials, certain combinations being, however, more general than others.

For instance, costumes are sometimes made with the under part of striped or figured material while the tunic and bodice are of plain material, but at the same time this arrangement is rather the exception than the rule.

The greater number of skirts are of plain fabric, with the trimming combined in front, at the edge, and at the back, to leave room at the sides for tunic ends in many shapes—square, pointed, rounded, scalloped, etc., and made of striped or figured materials.

The bodice is of the same material as the tunic, with a plastron or waistcoat like the skirt, or this order is entirely reversed, the trimmings being of the plain fabrics.

The tunic ends fall straight or they are ingeniously crossed, intermingled and draped, but always arranged on the skirt in such a manner that the trimmings on this appear to cover it entirely, the effect to be gained being that of a fully trimmed skirt, over which the tunic seems to fall carelessly, while it is, in fact, firmly fastened on, the skirt trimmings covering only the parts left exposed by the tunic. The trimmings of the bodice invariably differ from it; figured material on plain, plain material on figured, is the one rule applicable to these.

Already crinolines are talked of, though they are postponed until next winter. For the moment only the tournure is in question, but hitherto this has been worn inside, under the dress.

At present it is worn both *under* and *over* the skirt. Quite lately certain modistes have taken the fancy to substitute for pouffs and draperies five huge loops and a single end, all made of same material as the dress, and from twenty to twenty-four inches wide; these are lined with a contrasting color, and arranged in such a manner as entirely to cover the back breadth of the skirt from the belt to the hem, forming a tournure or bustle, and that of the most voluminous kind.

Light and transparent fabrics, such as voile, gauze, grenadine, etc., are always employed for the upper part of the toilette and never for the skirt, which can be trimmed with the material it is made of or with lighter fabric. With regard to the bodices of these thin dress, we see the revival of two old fashions, so long dormant that they may now be regarded as new ones; these are the gathered bodices fastened at the waist by a band, and bodices pleated at the shoulders and crossed in front; none but thin and transparent materials are made in this way, and the foundation of the dress is usually of silk, surah, or satin merveilleux.

There is a perfect *embarras de richesses* with with regard to materials for spring costumes, and the difficulty is to make a selection from the great variety offered for inspection. Broken checks are often used, as well as the regular shepherd's plaid and Neapolitan stripes on black ground. Light cashmeres and serges are seen in the peculiar tints of "crushed strawberry," "terra cotta," and "Fanan," and Foule beges in all the high art colors. Nun's cloth is still popular, and one shot with delicate peachy shade quite took us back to the days of our youth. In fact, many of the colors are but private of old friends of under new names.

Combination of Indian cashmeres will Bayadere silk are much used. A simple costume of this description with kilt'ngs edged with reseda and old gold stripes, had quite the effect of a woven fabric.

Amongst the new summer fabrics, which have already appeared I note the following:—Surahs with Algerian stripes, used for trimming costumes of plain wool or silk, plaid surahs also employed in the same way, and bayadere surahs. These may also be combined with black cashmere or any plain colored woolen fabric, the flounces being bordered with a narrow bias band of surah, with the waistcoat or plastron, cuffs, pockets and collar of the same.

Glace surah, satin merveilleux and English surah are in all tints and shades, and used for the foundation or as the trimming for all kinds of dresses. They are combined with voile, mousseline de laine, satin de Chine, figured foulard and printed surahs, and complete skirts or draperies only are made of them.

Brocaded satin de Chine is combined with plain surah and satin merveilleux; brocaded surahs are made up in the same way, and the most elegant bride's toilettes this season are composed of plain and brocade white surah, and satin merveilleux.

Striped and chequered tussores are combined with the same material plain; Pompadour satins with plain satin de Chine, and black figured silk gauze with plain black surahs, black ponges silk, and some plain, light silken fabrics.

Shaded striped ribbons and materials are pretty, and for the time being fashionable, but they always appear to me in the light of a new old fashion, quite distinct from the brocade, damask, and Pompadours, which, though equally old, seem ever fresh and new, and for this reason shaded materials will have but a short reign; they have been quickly adopted, and will be as quickly renounced; but there is no doubt some charming toilettes can be, and are made with them.

Indian cashmere, Indian veiling, and mousseline de laine look prettiest matched with the new surahs; and while many are best pleased with bright plaid and Bayadere striped surahs; others prefer the more sober style of plain surah matched to the woolen fabric.

The following is a pretty way of making up a summer costume of any light woolen tissue, and trimming it with surah, which may be either plain, plaided, striped, or figured:

The skirt has two deep pleatings in front, each edged with a band of surah; above this a scarf drapery is pleated upwards across the hips. At the back the skirt falls from below the basque-edge in soft, limp puffs down to a few inches from the bottom, where it is trimmed with three tiny flutings of cashmere; a bow of the surah is placed on the left side, at the junction of the front and back of the skirt, below the hip. The bodice is a basque-waist, round in front, the back pieces, with five seams, prolonged and gathered up into a small puff, with a bow of surah; the basque is trimmed round with a basque of surah, the neck with a fine fluting and torsade of the same, which both come down on each side of the bodice, the centre being occupied with a row of olive shaped satin buttons. A balayeuse of the surah may be added round the foot of the skirt, if preferred to a white muslin one edged with lace. The sleeves have plain revers and fine flutings of surah; they are, as well as the neck, filled in with crepe lisse frillings.

Gold, silver, and steel lace are much employed as trimming for evening toilettes, as well as every description of beads, embroidered in the material or on satin bands; black Chantilly lace is the favorite trimming for black, ruby, violet and prune-colored costumes, but only for these colors, as it does not look well with any shade of brown, old-gold, old-red, or china-blue; for these colors it is always best to have the lace or embroidery to match the material in color.

For dinner toilettes the Valois bodice is very much in vogue; it is most effective in dark velvet embroidered with steel, and is as economical a fashion as it is pretty, for the simple alteration from a high to a square cut or oval waistcoat converts the costume from a visiting toilette to "grande tenue" for the theatre or dinner; the valois bodice remains in its handsome simplicity, while the dressy appearance is given by the waistcoat.

A stylish walking costume is of tartan surah and plain voile draped on one side with a knot of tartan surah; the corsage is of voile, double-breasted, with threefold rounded added basques, and a large collar and revers, all bound with surah; the paraments are also threefold and bound with surah, and a double row of gold buttons ornamented the front.

A very pretty toilette for a young lady is of cream colored voile and surah with pipings and linings of blue surah. The short skirt of cream surah is bouillonne lengthways in narrow puffs, and bordered with a box-pleated flounce, the heading turned back and lined with blue. Two folded scarfs of voile are draped across the front and fastened on the right side with bows lined with blue; a draped puff at the back is also ornamented with blue. The bodice has deep round basques pleated at the back and piped with blue; the blue waist coat is partly covered by a long jabot of lace, kept in place by tabs of voile lined with blue, deep at the back, and ending in points at the first tab; elbow sleeves with piped bands and ruches.

Spanish blond is the favorite of fashion, and is used for bonnets, dresses, and Watteau mantles. Bonnets of Spanish blond are something between a capote and a mantilla; they come forward over the forehead, and fall over the neck and shoulders at the back. On one side is placed a flower or a tuft of light feathers, coral-pink, ciel-blue, rose, or fire-colors.

The Mantilla bonnet is of either black or white blond; in the latter case it is, of course, much more dressy—more so even than the capote of steel lace, which is also a great favorite of fashion.

For dresses, black lace, whether Spanish blond or Chantilly, is arranged so as to almost entirely cover the satin skirt; sometimes in one deep flounce, looped up here and there with bows of satin or agrafes of passementerie, sometimes in a series of narrow flounces, crossed once or twice with a row of fancy fringe. At the back a wide lace sash is loosely tied very low down. The bodice is one mass of gathered lace.

Still gayer than this are black surah and grenadine dresses that have the entire front or width of red satin surah beneath black Spanish lace.

For more elderly ladies this front breadth is now of silver grey satin in blocks with black, or else it and the basque and small cape are of jet stripes on net, or perhaps a floral pattern in steel beads wrought on Florentine grenadine.

Fireside Chat

THERE is no one household duty which falls more heavily on a housekeeper, and is more dreaded, than "wash-day," so often suggestive of meagre, hastily-prepared breakfasts, "cold pick-up bits," an atmosphere penetrating everywhere, with the odor of soap suds and steam, the irritable condition of a woman's mind, and a general sacrifice of that comfort and harmony which should reign over a home from one day's end to another.

How many amiable dispositions have been destroyed, how many youthful, sweet faced women have become prematurely aged and wrinkled under the endurance of the onerous duties of "wash day" evils, no doubt many of my readers can testify—not only those who, in their country homes, cannot always have the service of others at their command to assist in the household work, but even the rich who have one or more servants to lighten home cares, and bear especially the burden of wash-day.

Anything which carries with it labor-saving merits, appeals instantly to the housewife, and if it can lessen the evils of wash-day, it is certainly the most direct road to her strongest interests.

It is with the sincere wish to have others benefitted by my experience, that I call my readers' attention to the "Siddalls Soap," which is advertised in our columns. I know there is a general hesitation to adopting anything new in housework appliances—more especially in using new soaps. The fear of strong alkalies, which are often concealed in the article, and make such sad havoc with wash fabrics, combined with a noxious fatty substance, goes hand in hand with the prejudice against any method of washing clothes that departs from that which has been handed down from generation to generation of daughters.

I confess I had this hereditary prejudice in favor of the old familiar method of continuous rubbing on the board, followed by long boiling and all the other tedious details of the work, but after reading about Siddalls Soap—the wonders it accomplished, the economy of time, labor and expense, I was open to conviction; and with the determination of giving it a thorough test, I ordered this soap to be used for the regular miscellaneous Monday wash.

Following the directions implicitly, with a half incredulous feeling, the results were far beyond the realization I was led to anticipate from the many endorsements of the soap I had read.

Beginning with the wash at six o'clock in the morning, by ten o'clock it was all over, the clothes drying, and many dried, the washing utensils put away, and in the intervals, a good breakfast cooked, served, cleared, and the dishes washed and in their places, and my servant exclaiming with delight that she never before had done the work with such ease.

There were none of the disagreeable results of the hard work of previous wash days—a strain on the back, the skin of the hands red and chapped, smarting from hard, continuous rubbing on the board, with a strong soap, and alternate use of boiling and cold water. The clothes were cleaner and whiter, none of them torn, they had a clean, sweet odor, from being thoroughly cleansed, and were in every way more satisfactorily washed than ever before, besides giving out no soapy steam through the house, nor disturbing the general comfort which used to prevail on all days but wash-day.

I need scarcely add that wash-day has ceased to be an evil, and the continuous use of Siddalls Soap a foregone conclusion. I think its labor-saving merits recommend themselves directly to every woman who has a wash-day included in her household cares, but it appeals especially to those on whom all the household work falls individually—women with heart and hands full of home cares, a house full of little ones, with out-door as well as indoor work to be done, and when wash-day comes it seems as if "that last straw which breaks" had been added to the burden of life. It is these, who, living either in village or on farm, have followed year in and year out the old tiresome method of washing clothes, whom I hope will make at least one trial of the new method with Siddalls Soap, and see if it will not controvert all arguments in favor of the old, its even proving more economical than the economy of home-made soap, and in driving dull care away, smooth the wrinkles, brighten the face and heart by lessening the labor of those who have to contend with the "evils of wash-day."

PASTRY.—To make good puff paste is a thing many ladies are anxious to do, and in which they generally fail, and this not so much because they do not make it properly, as because they handle it badly. A lady who was very anxious to excel in pastry once asked me to allow her to watch me make paste. I did so, and explained that there was more in the manner of using than in the making up. I then gave her a piece of my paste when completed, and asked her to cover some patty pans while I covered others, cautioning her as to the way she must cover them; yet, when those covered by her came out of the oven they had not risen at all, they were like a rich short paste; while my own, made from the same paste, were toppling over with lightness. I had, without saying anything, pressed my thumb slightly on one spot of mine; in that spot the paste had not risen at all, and I think this practical demonstration of what I had tried to explain was more useful than an hour's talk would have been.

I will first give my method of making, which is the usual French way of making feuilletonage. Take one pound of butter, or half of it lard; press all the water out by squeezing it in a cloth; this is important, as the liquor in it would wet your paste; take a third of the butter, or butter and lard, and rub it into one pound of fine flour; add no salt if your butter is salted, then take enough water (to which you may add the well-beaten white of an egg, but it is not absolutely necessary) to make the flour into a smooth, firm dough; it must not be too stiff, or it will be hard to roll out, or too soft, or it will never make good paste; it should roll easily, yet not stick; work it till it is very smooth, then roll it out till it is half an inch thick; now lay the whole of the butter in the center, fold one third the paste over, then the other third; it is now folded in three, with the butter completely hidden; now turn the end toward you, and roll it till it is half an inch thick, taking care, by rolling very evenly, that the butter is not pressed out at the other end; now you have a piece of paste about two feet long, and not half that width; flour it lightly, and fold over one third and under one third, which will almost bring it to a square again; turn it round so that what was the side is now the end, and roll. Most likely now that the butter will begin to break through, in which case fold it, after flouring lightly, in three, as before, and put it on a dish on the ice, covering it with a damp cloth. You may now either leave it for an hour or two, or till next day. Paste used the day before it is used is much better and easier to manage, and in winter it may be kept for four or five days in a cold place, using from it as required.

When ready to use your paste finish the making by rolling it out, dredging a little flour, and doubling it in three as before and roll it out thin; do this until from first to last it has been so doubled and rolled seven times.

SIN SHORTENS LIFE.—Every form of sin tends to precipitate the ruin of the transgressor. It hastens the final catastrophe. Not a violent passion can man indulge which does not tear his heart strings. How often has a sudden excess of rage broken the golden bowl of life! Why are men so eager to reach the end of their course? On the other hand, every Christian virtue tends to prolong as well as sweeten human life. Kind emotions, right affections, and activity in doing good, all fortify and confirm the powers of the body, as well as the mind. Not only is the intellect clearer, but the sleep it sounder, and the limbs are stronger. M. B.

Answers to Inquirers.

HAND, (Council Bluffs, Ia.)—Consult any reliable lawyer.

SUN, (De Land, Fla.)—What you need is a good encyclopædia. Write to Lippincott & Co., Publishers, this city.

J. H. B. (Fern's Arena.)—Just at present we are in no need of anything of the kind. Please accept our thanks for the offer.

F. D. (Amite, La.)—Yes. Ask as many questions as you please, and as hard as you like. The correspondent's column is always open to all our subscribers.

M. F. F. (Pullman, Ala.)—In all cases requiring a reply by mail, it is usual and proper to enclose a stamp. We know nothing whatever of the Nashville firm. The other we believe to be a fraud.

I. R. H. (Gainesville, Ark.)—It is against our rule to advertise the addresses of business houses in this column. Send a postal addressed to yourself and we will forward you the necessary information.

VALENIA, (Baltimore, Md.)—Plato described a form of affection in which minds were in sympathy without any of the coarser qualities of personal regard. This is what is called "Platonic affection."

SIKES, (Buncombe, N. C.)—The art of conjuration or juggling—or, to make use of the modern term, "prestidigitation." If it be an art which, having its acknowledged professors, it may be presumed to be—is as old as the world itself.

P. M. G. (Clarion, Pa.)—We are unable to give you any advice as to how you may become a detective. In our opinion, detectives are like poets—born not made. Still, Pinkerton's Detective Agency, South Third street, this city, might possibly give you some information.

E. M. W. (Portland, Me.)—We should not advise any young lady to seek such a situation unless she had friends or acquaintances on the spot. In taking a step of the kind there are many pitfalls and temptations of which the inexperienced in such matters have no cognizance.

C. H. E. (Charlton, Iowa.)—We know of nothing that will turn hair gray in a short time. Doubtless science could furnish some means of doing it, but hitherto the efforts of interested parties have been altogether occupied in preventing grayness, or changing it when it had happened.

SCUTATOR, (Newport, R. I.)—The word "artificial" as applied to a state of society, means that it is not conducted simply according to the laws of nature but requires system and method even in such matters of charity, which, in a perfectly natural state of society would be left to individual benevolence.

R. D. F. (Philadelphia, Pa.)—The young lady to whom you were first engaged no doubt felt disappointed and chagrined at being supplanted so quickly in your affections. You will be obliged to trust to her honor in regard to your letters. If a true woman, she will be thankful to be rid of such an inconstant lover, and give you no trouble in the future.

XEVIE, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—It is a delicate matter to refuse the request of a friend who wishes to be allowed to bring another gentleman to call, as a simple refusal would reflect upon the character of your friend's friend. We think, unless you state frankly your reasons, the better plan would be to allow one call, but give no invitation for a repetition.

OBSERVER, (Vevay, Ind.)—The firm is in every way reliable. Personally, we cannot speak of it further than to say it looks very well, and in appearance fully bears out the letter of the advertisement. It may be that it will not meet your expectations entirely, as you may expect too much. 1. We cannot tell. There are many imitations, all good, but we are not sufficiently versed in the matter to decide which is best.

H. H. A. (Charleston, S. C.)—It is impossible to say that any particular class of food is "fattening." The sugars and the fats have been considered to be more fattening than some other parts of an ordinary diet; but that is simply because they are rich in elements which may either be burnt off in the process of making heat for the body or lead to the storing up of fat to be used as fuel in the future. It is well to leave the thing to nature.

HERIOT, (Norristown, Pa.)—There is doubtless a sort of induced insensibility and semi-sleep into which hysterical persons fall by habit. This is mistaken for the effect of a special "influence" called "mesmeric." It is an unscientific use or rather abuse of perfectly well-known phenomena. By repetition of a particular mode of inducing the sort of hypnotism called "mesmeric," individuals acquire a habit of falling into the state at the slightest suggestion.

L. L. (New York, N. Y.)—We cannot choose the "best trade" for you, ignorant as we are of your capabilities and tastes. Take some time to look around among the factories and foundries, also consult treatises upon various branches of manufacture so that you may decide for yourself understandingly. The responsibility of such a decision must rest mainly with yourself, as you are the one whose future prospects and desires are wholly dependant upon the wisdom of the decision.

INQUISITOR, (New York, N. Y.)—1. If a dog is suffering from rabies at the time when it bites a person, he or she may have hydrophobia in consequence, but, if the dog gets the rabies after he has bitten some one, the person so bitten has nothing whatever to fear. It is simply the question of contracting a disease. If the dog has not the disease, he cannot give it, any more than a child could give you whooping cough in one year or month because in the next year or month it might happen to catch this malady.

THROGMORTON, (La Crosse, Wis.)—The chief drawback to the marriage of cousins and the intermarriage of blood-relations generally is the probability of intensifying any hereditary evil in the family. If there is nothing amiss—a somewhat difficult conclusion to arrive at—there is no valid objection to the marriage of cousins; but it often happens that some unsuspected taint or latent seed of disease, physical or mental, is vitalized by these unions. The aggregation of similar tendencies, springing from like physical peculiarities hereditary in the family, develope evils which would otherwise die out.

SUBSCRIBER, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Pure gin, or Geneva, is an alcoholic drink, distilled from malt or from unmalted barley or other grain, and afterwards rectified and flavored. But the gin, which forms the common spirituous drink of the million, is flavored very slightly with oil of turpentine and common salt; each rectifier has his own particular recipe for regulating the quantities to be used; but it is usually about five fluid ounces of spirits of turpentine and three and one-half pounds of salt mixed in ten gallons of water; these are placed in a rectifying still, with eighty gallons of proof corn-spirit, and distilled until the feints begin to come over. It is then used either unsweetened or sweetened with sugar.

ROVER, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—In order to remove iron-rust from linen hold the iron-mould on the cover of a tankard of boiling water; rub on the spot a little oxalic acid, and when the cloth has thoroughly imbibed the acid, wash it immediately in hot water. 2. We would not offer any prescribed form of invitation for a drive from a gentleman to a lady. The manner of invitation should depend upon the degree of intimacy existing between the parties. It would be proper to inform the lady that if she had no engagement for a certain day, you would if agreeable to her, call at a stated hour for the purpose of taking her out to drive. 3. Resting your arm on the table while eating would not only inconvenience the person next to you, but would also render your position very inelegant.

A. D. S. (Alton, N. Y.)—1. There is no rule of etiquette in the matter. A man must be governed by circumstances and convenience. If he holds the door open, of course she enters first. The same is true of the pew. The matter altogether is too insignificant for sensible people to trouble themselves about. Besides on visiting the House of God other considerations than those of formal etiquette should be uppermost in the mind. 2. If she is a girl of the average kind, her parents' persecution in the matter of her company will only cause her to love and favor her own choice more than ever. Once in a very great while, such a parental policy is successful, but in the majority of cases, as it deserves to, it fails. Visit her as often as she is willing. 3. If she refuses, or pretends not to believe it, you must prove to her by repeating the story and by your deeds that what you say is true. Women are born coquettes, and very often pretend to doubt a lover's fidelity for the mere pleasure of hearing him assure her to the contrary. 4. It is his place, of course, if he is sufficiently interested, to ask her if she loves him. It is the woman's place to be wooed, not to woo. 5. Your handwriting will do, though its beauty will never immortalize you, while the spelling is entirely without fault.